THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, who holds the copyright of the Burns-Dunlop correspondence, recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has made an interesting Burns discovery. Some years ago he bought from Mr. William Brown, of Edinburgh, an early edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It was the second edition in twelve octavo volumes, bearing the date, London, 1788. On a fly-leaf in a neat, feminine hand is written:

"I well remember this edition of Gibbon's History in my Grand Mother's House in Burns street, Dumfries, feel satisfied it was the edition belonging to the poet, Robert Burns.
(Signed) "SARAH (BURNS) HUTCHINSON.
"Whitehill, Oct. 1, 1875."

There are numerous marks of interest in the volume. The signatures "Robert Burns," "Robert" and "Robert Burns," on a fly-leaf, are certified as having been written by the poet's eldest son; on one page is written "W. N. Burns, Calcutta, 1808." But most interesting of all is a note on page 47, Vol. I. There is a reference in the text to Pope and his translation of the *Iliad*, upon which Gibbon makes comment in a footnote: "The rights, powers, and pretensions of the sovereign of Olympus are very clearly described in the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*; in the Greek original, I mean; for Mr. Pope, without perceiving it, has improved the theology of Homer." On the margin under this, in faded ink is written: "damned vagabond he often spoils the original I find."

The owner of the book had been assured that this and other marginal marks in the work were Robert Burns's own commentaries. The one quoted certainly sounds like the poet; but not until a few weeks ago, when the Burns-Dunlop correspondence, with the fac-simile reproductions of some of Burns's letters, came into his hands, has Mr. Adams had an opportunity to compare the "damned vagabond" with a Burns manuscript. The comparison proves the note to be a genuine Burns autograph. It is identical in its characteristics with the letters written in the poet's later years—and it must have been in 1788 or later when he owned the Gibbon. A more characteristic souvenir of Robert Burns it would be hard to find.

Some one has written to ask us what we consider the most humorous development among the recent events relating to our war with Spain. Wars are not supposed to be exactly humorous, but the present contest, up to the date of our writing this, has certainly developed as yet nothing that is very tragic. Surveying the whole field we should say that one distinctly humorous thing is the superior strategic knowledge of the one-cent newspapers as compared with that possessed by the military and naval experts. Another humorous thing is the intense patriotism of the persons in charge of village school entertainments who will not allow their children to sing "The Spanish Cavalier"; and of certain

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restaurant-keepers who are now striking Spanish omelettes from their bills of fare and describing them instead as "tomato omelettes." There was humour displayed, too, in the announcement of a recent exhibition of "A Fête of Flags" which took place near the abode of a certain New Jersey humorist that "no Spanish flags would be exhibited." In the sphere of military operations we think it rather humorous to find our naval commanders allowing torpedo boats, whose steel shell is about as thick as a piece of blotting paper, to run in shore and attack earthworks and other fortifications that are well supplied with ten-inch guns. But perhaps the most richly humorous thing of all is the contemplation of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt declining the colonelcy of a regiment on the ground of his ignorance of military matters, and at the same time accepting a lieutenant-colonelcy. The humour of this lies in the apparent assumption by Mr. Roosevelt that a lieutenant-colonel does not need to know anything about military matters and that a colonel is probably immortal, so that the lieutenant-colonel will never by any possibility be required to take his place. There are still other humorous things about the war, but those given will probably satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent. If not, we will tell him some more.

Columbia University has completed the first academic year upon its new site and has marked this event by a three days' celebration ending with Commencement and a general reunion of all its alumni. The beautiful grounds have now put on an air of completeness and finish, and the picturesque exercises which were carried out with considerable stateliness seem to promise that before long Columbia will have what hitherto she had sadly lacked, a distinctively academic atmosphere. The weather was perfect and nothing occurred to mar the impression made upon all who were present, except that a certain gloom was cast over the first day's proceedings by a member of the graduating class who perpetrated a Class Day Ode in which the word "law" was made to rhyme with "more."

At the opening of the college year next autumn the intermittent periodical hitherto known as the *Columbia University Bulletin* will become the *Columbia University Quarterly*. Under the editorship of Prof. George R. Carpenter the *Bulletin* has greatly broadened its scope, and it is now perhaps the best of the various magazines intended to serve as a connecting link between the alumni and their alma mater. It has a semi-official character, being published by the Columbia University Press, and it contains many of the official announcements of the University. It has also its more popular aspects and it has recently contained interesting articles on "Boating at Columbia," by Judge Cornell; on "Columbia in the Revolution," by Dr. Cushing, and on the "Battle of Harlem Heights" (the new site of the university), by Prof. Dunning. In fact the apparent aim of the present board of editors seems to expand the new *Columbia University Quarterly* until it is a modest rival of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

No one at all familiar with the publications representing the various American institutions of learning can doubt that the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is very much the best of them all. It is dignified in its appearance; it is complete in its record of matters of interest to the alumni; and it generally manages to get for every number at least one article which makes it worthy of preservation. In fact the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* seems to us to have but one defect, and that is a blemish easily curable. It has the habit of printing reviews (mostly anonymous) of every volume written or edited by a Harvard man. Perhaps the anonymous review has its utility in modern journalism, but it is assuredly out of place in the organ of a great university where there is no need of any underhand and hole-in-the-corner methods. If such a magazine is to contain criticism at all worthy of the University, the reviews ought each to be warranted by its author's signature. Otherwise the review seems to represent the opinion of the University itself; and this may lead to awkward inferences. In a recent number, for example, there was a notice of an American anthology, in the course of which the concealed critic singled out for contemptuous animadversion Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, M

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Richard Watson Gilder and the late H. C. Bunner. We believe that the two living poets have each received an honorary degree at Harvard. Does this offensive review indicate that Harvard University has changed its mind and regrets the degrees it granted?

The library and other effects of the late "Lewis Carroll" were disposed of by auction last month in Oxford. Whoever was responsible for the sale must be entirely without sentiment, for among other articles for disposal were the late writer's watch, his umbrellas and walking sticks, his photograph albums, his shaving materials, and his table linen. The library might be called that of a general reader; it contained first editions of Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, George Meredith, Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling. The highest price realised—£50—was that for the author's proof copy of *Alice in Wonderland*, which was bound in vellum, and had on the fly-leaf a manuscript poem. This copy was dated 1865, whereas all other copies of the first edition are dated 1866. An exactly similar copy, but lacking the poem, went for £24. Several copies of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, which were recalled from circulation owing to some misprint, and of which the majority were given away after being stamped "For the use of sick children," went for eighteen shillings. Among other interesting works was the *Germ*, bound in morocco, with illustrations by Holman Hunt and Rossetti, which was sold for £9 to an undergraduate. Miss Rossetti's *Goblin Market*, first edition, 1866, went for £4, and *The Prince's Progress* for £1 10s.; *A Pageant and other Poems*, 1881, for £2 16s. This copy had an inscription on the fly-leaf, "Rev. C. L. Dodgson, from his obliged friend, Christina G. Rossetti." A first edition of Browning's *Sordello*, 1840, realised £2; *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, 1850, only eighteen shillings; and *Men and Women*, 1855, 34s. Keats's *Endymion*, a first edition, 1818, went for £3, and a first edition of his *Poems*, 1817, for £7. The sale was attended by dealers from all parts of the country, and the prices were on the whole very high, but many even of the most expensive lots were bought by undergraduates.

We understand that the enormous sale of *Quo Vadis* has yielded the translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the handsome sum of $25,000. As a translator of fiction, Mr. Curtin's "haul" is probably without precedent. *With Fire and Sword*, also translated from the Polish of Sienkiewicz by Mr. Curtin has just been issued in a popular edition at one dollar by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company.

George Moore's new novel, *Evelyn Innes*, has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. This novel is described as an analysis of a conflict between art and the world on one side and religion upon the other. The theme is developed with a penetrating insight into motives, a grasp of character, and a mastery of literary technique which make *Evelyn Innes* a notable book. The action of the novel passes in large part in London and Paris. It is a story of the present day, characterised by a vivid perception of the doubts and complex conditions of modern life. The musical *motif* which has so large a part in the development of the story is interwoven with others which in their unfolding show a rare subtlety and power. The book will be reviewed in our next number.

One of the most delightful books for young people published in the fall of 1896 was *We Ten, or The Story of the Roses*, by Barbara Yechton. It will interest this large class of readers to learn that the author has now under way a sequel to this story which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

In the May number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* Professor Brander Matthews has a story entitled "Her Letter to His Second Wife." This story is rather a good illustration of the particular brand of realism which is provided for the public by Professor Matthews and Mr. Howells. These gentlemen think that while dramatic and rather striking incidents sometimes happen in real life, these are, nevertheless, exceptional and if introduced into literature will impair the effect of reality by substituting the exceptional for the usual. Now let us see how this works

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out in practice. In the story which we have mentioned, we find a young woman who is the second wife of Mr. John Blackstock, of Gramercy Park. He is rather older than she, and when we first meet her she has just returned from her wedding journey and is spending the first day of her new life in her new home. Presently in comes the minister, Dr. Thurston, who figures in most of the recent stories by Professor Matthews. He is very grave and tells her that he has come to perform a solemn duty, and he at once delivers to her a letter written by Mr. Blackstock's first wife and entrusted to Dr. Thurston to be delivered to any woman whom Blackstock should afterward marry. The young bride takes a long breath, tears the letter open, and finds that it is a warm and supremely affectionate commendation of the good Blackstock; that it was written because the first wife was afraid that the woman who was destined to succeed her might not fully appreciate what a treasure she had won; and that she might forget to make him put on his overshoes when it rains, to send for a doctor when he has a cold, and to change his flannels early in the "fall." The young bride reads the letter with emotion, and just at that moment her husband comes home and she falls sobbing upon his neck with the exclamation "Your first wife was an angel!" Here ends the story so far as Mr. Matthews has unfolded it, and it leaves domestic peace and connubial serenity enveloping the Blackstock household.

Now this is all very well. It is Howells-Matthews realism; but we happen to know something more about this affair of the Blackstocks, and we wish to remark that the story does not really end where Mr. Matthews leaves it. There is much more behind. The truth is that John Blackstock was, as a matter of fact, a Bad Man, and that he had in his life a Guilty Secret. His first wife discovered the Guilty Secret and that was what killed her. She did not wish to expose her husband to the public because she remembered their child, who died of German measles when four days old; but when she was nearing her end she felt that she ought to put a possible second wife on her guard as soon as possible so that this unsuspecting young creature might not be bamboozled by the base Blackstock. Therefore she wrote a letter in which the Guilty Secret was set forth in full, and she made ready to entrust it to Dr. Thurston who was ignorant of its contents. Unfortunately, however, she imparted a knowledge of her purpose to one Juno Smith, whom she thought to be her friend but who was really in love with Blackstock and secretly mixed up in the Guilty Secret. It was impossible to destroy the letter as a whole, because Dr. Thurston had already been spoken to about it; so Juno Smith and Blackstock managed to get possession of it, to steam the envelope, and to substitute the very different letter which Dr. Thurston afterward delivered to the bride. This, however, was not all. Juno Smith had hoped to marry Blackstock after his first wife's death and he had married the second wife while Juno was away in California. On her return, being furious at his treachery to her, she went to the second Mrs. Blackstock and exposed the whole affair, producing genuine letters of the first wife to show the difference in handwriting. There was a scene in the Blackstock house. Juno Smith told the police about the Guilty Secret; Blackstock also told of Juno Smith's connection with it; and they were both sent up to the Island. The second Mrs. Blackstock found that her husband had in reality no property whatever, and so she had to move out of the Gramercy Park house and become a lady reporter on the New York *Journal*.

These are the actual facts in the Blackstock case, and what we want to know is why Mr. Matthews did not go on and tell them. Only three hypotheses are possible: (1) Mr. Matthews knew very little about the Blackstock family and its history; or (2) he is a partisan of Blackstock and persuaded himself therefore to condone the Guilty Secret; or (3) he deliberately suppressed all the interesting part of the story through a most unconscientious devotion to his own particular kind of realism. The whole thing has interested us very much, and we should like to write it all out in minute detail and have it published by Mr. F. Tennyson Neely in one of those striking tomes of his whose covers depict men with red legs

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and women with blue hair kissing each other industriously while going over the crest of Niagara Falls.

A rumour has reached us to the effect that Mr. James Lane Allen has decided to desert Kentucky as a field of fiction in future, and we take this opportunity of assuring his numerous admirers that the statement is utterly unfounded. We have Mr. Allen's own word for it. "There never was a time in my life," he says, "when I had a greater desire to write about Kentucky than to-day—never a time when that desire was more intense or more resolute. I shall not leave Kentucky." Furthermore the work upon which he is now engaged is to be a Kentucky novel. "I am now at work on what I consider the first novel of my life," he said the other day. "It will embody three things: the humour of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, the philosophic frankness of *Summer in Arcady* and the spiritual seriousness of *The Choir Invisible*. It is to be a story of town life and country life blended and contrasted. It will be twice as long as anything that I have ever attempted." Mr. Allen has already written part of the new work, but upon being asked when it would be finished, he rejoined, "When I am satisfied with it."

In an interview with Mr. Allen reported in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* during the past month, he is quoted at length in reply to the question: What effect has war upon literature? Mr. Allen's remarks are exceedingly interesting and suggestive:

"If a war is fought for a noble cause that touches deeply the causes and the conscience of a nation, it almost inevitably produces a noble revolution in its literature. Great deeds, even in the works of fiction, even in the most ancient epic, always fire the soul. Much more do they have this effect when they are wrought out by the men you know, acting for the country you love. And a noble war always produces great actions, whether they represent victory or defeat. The Spanish war so far has touched the whole American people in but one way as being rightful, and this was the destruction of its battleship. If no notice had been taken of that by the American people as a nation among modern nations, the spirit of every American sailor, marine and soldier would have been humiliated and the *esprit de corps* of the army and navy would have been wounded and lowered. This is true not only of the inner standard, but of the outward international standard by which every civilisation judges another. As to the other causes, there are two, neither of which has, perhaps, stirred or even reached the American people as a nation. The first of these is injury to American trade and the duty of protecting foreign American citizens in their property rights. As just and deeply grounded as this cause is, viewed as a responsibility of the Government, it has not affected the American people as a whole. As to the plea of humanity, when probed to the deepest, that involves a discussion of other humane obligations that is practically bottomless."

"What is the effect of war upon the imaginative forces of a nation?" was asked.

"Wholly good," said Mr. Allen. "War will stimulate the creative imagination of the American as nothing has since the Civil War. And there will be this difference, that where the literature growing out of the Civil War has always been tinged with sadness and regret that it was the victory of a brother over a brother, of part of the Anglo-Saxon in the New World over the other part in the New World, the literature springing from the latest war will sound the clear note of gladness that it was the triumph of the nation of the future over the decaying and ruinous forces of the past, as a victory of humanity over inhumanity, progress over stagnation. There can be no doubt that the new place which has already been won in the eyes of every civilisation in Europe by American daring, skill, self-control and gentlemanly modesty has already brought to the American imagination a new life, a new fervour, a new standard by which to measure its living heroism, its own heroes, that would have been impossible some months ago."

Mr. Gladstone's occupation of the most prominent position in public life for upwards of sixty years were combined with high literary gifts and a delight in books upon which he once enlarged in a letter to Mr. Quaritch. "I have in my time," he wrote, "been a purchaser to the extent of about 35,000 volumes. A book collector ought, as I conceive, to possess the following six qualifications—appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance. Of these I have only had two, the first and the last, and these are not the most important. Restricted visual power now imposes on me a serious amount of disability." And then there follow some charming reminiscences. "The oldest book I have—that is to say, the one longest in my possession—was presented to me personally by Mrs. Hannah More. It is a copy of her *Sacred Dramas*, printed and given me in 1815,

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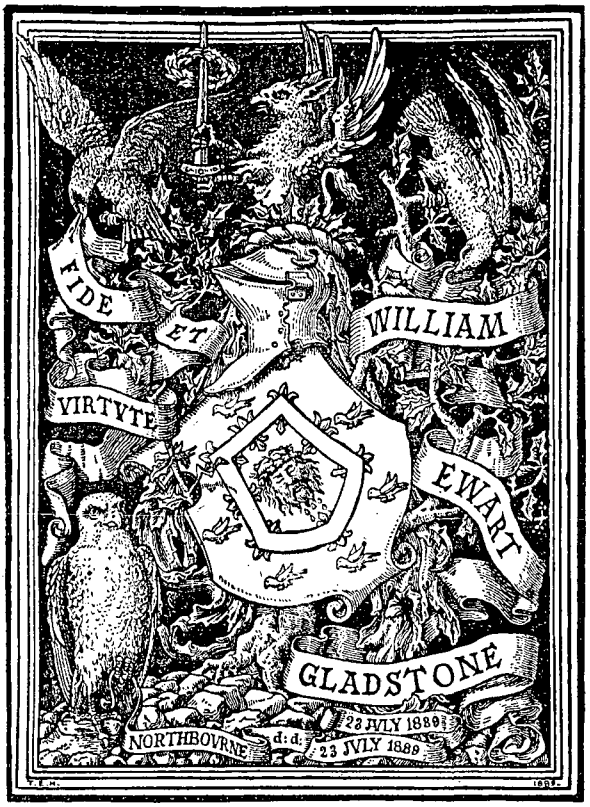

MR. GLADSTONE'S BOOK-PLATE.

eighty-one years ago, and was accompanied with a pretty introductory sentence, of which I remember only the first words. They were these:—'As you have just come into the world and I am just going out of it, allow me,' and so forth. My purchases commenced a few years after that time, and I have a variety of books acquired at Eton. Among them is a copy of Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History* in quarto, presented to me by his son Arthur, the subject of *In Memoriam*, and at that period my dearest friend."

It is interesting to recall Carlyle's *mot* when speaking of Disraeli and Gladstone: "The Jew has no conscience; the other is all conscience—though," he added, in his saturnine manner, "he can make his conscience declare what he wishes." Browning told a story which seemed to him to display the difference between the two men. At the Academy dinner Disraeli spoke eloquently on the imagination displayed by the artists in their work. After dinner he took Browning aside and remarked, "What strikes me peculiarly about these pictures is that in none of them is there any imagination!" Browning related this at a breakfast where Gladstone was of the company, and said he thought it was very amusing. "You call that amusing," said Gladstone, with flashing eye; "I call it *hellish*."

Infinite in his variety, Mr. Gladstone was sublime in anger. It is still remembered how he once turned on a certain Mr. Miall, a Nonconformist Radical, who had declared that if Mr. Gladstone was not careful the Nonconformists would be obliged to reconsider their position. So far from being alarmed by this dire threat, Mr. Gladstone was magnificently indignant. "If the honourable member cannot find it in his conscience to continue his support, then for God's sake let him take his support elsewhere!" Poor Mr. Miall collapsed utterly; but the incident was significant enough to give rise to what is now known in English ecclesiastical circles as Miallism.

A revised and enlarged edition of Justin McCarthy's *Life of Gladstone* will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. The revision in this edition has been very complete, and several important chapters have been added by Mr. McCarthy. The biography with the revision and new material will therefore present Mr. Gladstone's career to the day of his death, and will also contain in the closing chapters an account of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. Mr. McCarthy also adds an account of Mr. Gladstone's attitude toward the Armenian question, and of his visit to Cannes last winter. A review of the state of European politics in the closing days of the great statesman lends additional value to the more personal account of his sickness and death.

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A CORNER OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LIBRARY IN HAWARDEN CASTLE.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge in an amusing sketch of a back street row of booksellers in London, contributed to the English *Bookman*, describes with a quaint graphic touch which recalls Dickens, the haunts and habits of "those who feed on books." At the open fronts of the shops and inside the shops, men and sometimes strange old young ladies browse about the crowded shelves of books, and, like the Tenebrio beetle, are seldom seen with a companion. The quiet hush is seldom disturbed. Purchase of books—you may taste what you like here, but on no account will you be allowed to take any book home without due formality of purchase—entitles the customer to a few minutes' conservation with the opulent Jewish hostess or her lads, but this is not invited—mere patronage of the three-penny box barely entitles you to a respectful prophecy regarding the weather. Untidy old gentlemen, who have long ago made friends with misfortune and have never been able to break off the acquaintance, attempt sometimes to review the past, but they receive spare encouragement.

"Ah, ah! A Thackeray, I see," says one. "Bless my soul, what a man he was! *What* a man! You don't remember Thack, I s'pose?"

The eighteen-year-old youth confesses that he has no clear recollection of Thackeray, and taking a bald broom endeavours to sweep the reminiscent gentleman and the dust out into the roadway.

"We always called him Thack in the old days. I remember him, bless you; I've spoken to him just as I am speaking now to you."

The sweeping youth expresses a casual hope that the gent in question enjoyed it.

"A most friendly man, sir, an extraordinarily friendly man, I may say, with those in whom he found a common sympathy. I've known that man, sir, cross St. James street—absolutely cross it simply because he saw me. He being *here* as it might be these book shelves, and I being *here* as it might be this box, he'd cross over at once; his hand held out ready."

Youth, still sweeping, submits as a question: Did he hit hard?

"Hit, sir? The great man *shook* hands with me. *Shook* hands. There in broad daylight, Thackeray, the great novelist, shook hands with me. In broad daylight, sir."

The youth says casually and, having swept all that he can, going to the open front of the shop, that if it had been him he should have waited till dusk.

Our esteemed correspondent who a year ago favoured us with an early photograph of the Hon. John Hay, taken in 1871, now makes us his debtor for the interesting photograph of Thackeray

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
From an unpublished carte de visite.

which is herewith reproduced. The original was presented by Thackeray to Horace Mayhew from whom it was obtained by the late R. Halket Lord, editor of *The Book Mart*. Halket Lord was found dead in a London hotel, and his library with which went the photograph was secured by Mr. George Kernan of Riverhead, R. I., as collateral for a loan of some fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Kernan sold the library to a New York bookseller from whom the present owner purchased the photograph with a copy of *Thackerayana*. We do not remember ever having seen this portrait published, and there is reason to believe that it was suppressed for infringement of copyright. It is certain that it does not appear among the many portraits of Thackeray which are well known and it is the only one we have seen of him without his glasses and showing the clear profile. We also give a pen drawing of Thackeray in which he caricatured himself on his travels.

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We have just finished reading *Pendennis* once more in the beautiful Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works which Messrs. Harper and Brothers are publishing. The perennial and inexhaustible delight which this novel always affords us may be in part attributed to the fact that it was the first of Thackeray's novels to be read by the writer years ago. Well do we remember the well-thumbed and tattered copy which was borrowed from a library, and the quiet harvest that it yielded to one stepping on the threshold of young manhood. For that reason, too, it may be that *Pendennis* has always retained its place in one reader's affections as the prime favourite of all Thackeray's novels. "My attempt was to tell the truth," wrote Thackeray of this work, "and to tell it not unkindly." There in the expressed aim of the author you have a felicitous description of the accomplished fact. Truth about the life he knew, in which he had participated, told not unkindly, pointed with the genial wit and sapience of one who was a man of the world, in the best sense of the term, kindled by the warm glow of his splendid imagination went to the making of *The History of Pendennis*. Withal, *Pendennis* is the most cheerful of all the novels. It begins in good spirits and ends happily and in good spirits—a fact that has been noted by more than one critic. It is essentially a young man's novel, and few works of fiction or out of it could be read and re-read with so much entertainment and profit as that which recounts "his fortunes and misfortunes, his friends and his

"W. M. T. ON HIS TRAVELS."
From a drawing by Thackeray.

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greatest enemy," for what young man will not recognise in Arthur Pendennis much that belongs to his own nature?

Mrs. Ritchie's Introduction to this novel, like that to *Vanity Fair* which preceded *Pendennis* a month ago, is delightful and informing. If the surviving daughter of Thackeray cannot loose herself from the bond of her father's injunction that no life of him should ever be written (and none could write it like Mrs. Ritchie) these biographical chapters will at least come near to satisfying the demand for such a life. Thackeray's life is in his books, and in these introductory chapters his daughter has planned "to trace the links between the real world and that fancy world which is even more real to us," to quote from the memoir she has written for *Pendennis*. To further this plan, the works are being arranged and issued in chronological order, and each novel is to be contained in one volume. There are several illuminating letters and reminiscences of her father bearing on the writing of *Pendennis* in the Introduction; one of them, however, has a pre-eminent interest for us. "I can remember the morning Helen died," she says.

"My father was in his study in Young street, sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterward he came into our schoolroom, half laughing and half ashamed, and said to us: 'I do not know what James can have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer just after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis' death."

This has reference to the memorable scene in *Pendennis* which describes the reconciliation of Pen and his mother and her passing in her son's arms with a blessing on her lips. Like the Marquis of Steyne episode in *Vanity Fair*, the farewell of Washington to his officers in *The Virginians* and the famous passage in *Henry Esmond*, it is one of Thackeray's immortal touches. We make no apology for quoting it:

"He led her, tottering, into her room, and closed the door, as the three touched spectators of the reconciliation looked on in pleased silence. Ever after, ever after, the tender accents of that voice faltering sweetly at his ear—the look of the sacred eyes beaming with an affection unutterable—the quiver of the fond lips smiling mournfully—were remembered by the young man. And at his best moments, and at his hours of trial and grief, and at his times of success or well-doing, the mother's face looked down upon him, and blessed him with its gaze of pity and purity, as he saw it in that night when she yet lingered with him; and when she seemed, ere she quite left him, an angel, transfigured and glorified with love—for which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us kneel and thank our Father.

"As they were talking the clock struck nine, and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bedroom at that hour and hear him say Our Father. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words 'For ever and ever,' and 'Amen.'

"The sainted woman was dead . . . and Helen's last breath was a benediction."

Mr. W. Hyde, whose full-page illustrations to a limited edition of *The Nature Poems of George Meredith* printed by the Messrs. Constable is likely to command serious attention, has also made a series of drawings called *London Impressions* which will be published in September by the same house. Mrs. Alice Meynell, from whom we have not heard lately, is to contribute the text to this latter series.

Miss Ella D'Arcy, whose work has been commended in THE BOOKMAN from time to time, is preparing another collection of stories which will probably be published in the autumn. The volume is to be entitled *Modern Instances*, which will at once recall the name of Mr. Howells's best work of fiction, *A Modern Instance*.

Mr. S. Levett Yeats, who has already done excellent work in *The Honour of Savelli* and *The Chevalier d'Auriac*, has completed a new story entitled *A Maid of Honour*. It will first appear serially in *The Graphic* before being published in book form. Mr. Levett Yeats, who is in H. M. Government service in the Punjab, has received a furlough of eighteen months and is expected shortly to arrive in England.

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KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.
From her latest photograph taken in Edinburgh.

Readers of *Penelope's Progress*, in which the happy feminine trio—Penelope, Francesca and Salemina—jaunt merrily through Scottish scenes, making Edinburgh their headquarters, will be glad to have a reproduction of a photograph of Mrs. Wiggin which was taken in Edinburgh last summer while masquerading (shall we say?) as Penelope. It will be pleasant to associate this portrait of the author with the scenes among which she so recently held high carnival (at least so the staid Scots would call it) and which she has brought closer to the sympathies and imagination of her numerous readers in this land.

Mr. G. W. Cable has been warmly received in London; and judging by the account which is given of his readings in our London Letter he seems likely to meet with a large measure of success in England. It is Mr. Cable's first visit to any foreign country, but he would be the first to resent the appellation of "foreign" to England. In an interview he says, "Speaking of England I find this country very homelike and I seem to be constantly meeting my own people. London is very charming—such a delightful confirmation of a lifetime of reading and pictorial illustration. The pictures seem to have come out of the books, although magnified to lifesize." Asked what passages from his books he found most popular in America, Mr. Cable replied: "It is rather difficult to give an accurate reply to that question. My sustained novels seem to be all about equally favoured, but among my shorter stories

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'Posson Jone'' is the one which audiences most like to hear. I should also mention 'Madame Delphine' and the middle story in the trilogy of *Bonaventure* entitled 'Grande Pointe.' These are beyond doubt the most popular single passages. Then I choose pieces from two or three of my novels, always confining myself to one book or story, and reading passages selected for their literary and dramatic quality, but at the same time making the story plain to the hearers. 'Posson Jone'' is really almost a play." About the Creole songs which Mr. Cable sings so well and with such characteristic grace he gives this interesting information: "Many years ago, when I discovered that these folk-songs of the slaves of former Louisiana Creoles had a great charm of their own and were preserved by tradition only, I was induced to gather them and reduce them to notation. I found that others were so strongly interested in the songs that without pretending to any musical authority or original charm of voice I was tempted to sing one or two of them before public audiences. The first time I did so was in Boston, and since then I have rarely been allowed to leave them out of my entertainment, when the length of my literary programme left room for them."

GEORGE W. CABLE.
From a new photograph by Elliot and Fry, London.

Mr. Cable does not mean to be idle while in England; "One thing that has brought me over here," he says, "besides my life-long desire to see the mother-country of our own great nation and the home of our language and literature, is the hope that by taking my days very quietly and in much retirement I may carry on at a moderate pace my present literary work. It is a novel based upon my experience as a cavalry soldier in the American Civil War. I have another story, by the way, in the hands of *Scribner's Magazine* which is now awaiting publication. It is called 'The Entomologist' and the scene is laid in New Orleans during the great epidemic of 1878." It may not be generally known that Mr. Cable lived in New Orleans through that terrible time and had many strange experiences in nursing the sick. Mr. Cable is nowhere so much at home as in this quaint, beautiful and ever surprising city where so much of his life has been passed. *Dr. Sevier*, it will be remembered, is noticeable for its glimpses of the Civil

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War in which Mr. Cable served as a Confederate soldier along with his brother. He was little more than a boy at that period, but his letters written then (still in existence though not published) prove that at that early age he had come into full possession of his great literary gift. Mr. Cable, like Thomas Hardy, has altered his appearance by shaving his beard, and there is something about the one man that recalls the other, something of the pale cast of thought, the studious meditative look as of one who has thought and suffered much. The great brightness of his nature finds expression mostly through his eyes. Whatever the ultimate place of Mr. Cable among American writers may be, it will certainly be a solitary one. He has followed no one, and imitated no one; and the best proof of this is that those who have tried to follow and to imitate him have never even been suspected of their ambition by any intelligent admirer of the great interpreter of the Creoles.

Of course Mr. Cable had to say something about the war. "It is a war of the nation most emphatically," he declares. 'The Jingoes have not forced us into this war. We have moved steadily forward on the lines that seem to us the lines of duty and necessity and the Yellow journals have no more precipitated us in the matter than they have the President himself." Mr. Cable gives it as his opinion that the present state of feeling in America for England is the best that has ever been known in American history since our first trouble began to grow, not so much with the English people as with an un-English king. He believes also that this friendly feeling is likely to become permanent. "The very nature of international boundaries tends to rivalries and friction, and international amity is far more natural than international strife. But I believe that between the two great English-speaking nations of the earth there are so many bonds of affinity and these are gaining potency so steadily and widely that any incident or effort that develops these kindly sentiments helps to give them more and more the quality of permanency."

Speaking of Mr. Cable's vocal rendering of the Creole songs, and his laudable efforts in transplanting them from the plantation to the platform, a unique, artistic series of entertainment called "Stories of Song," told and sung by Mrs. Alfred Chester Coursen, has lately come to our notice in which the interpretation of Creole songs forms an interesting part. During the past season we believe that Mrs. Coursen has met with great acceptance on the platform, and that her work has brought her a steadily increasing list of engagements which reaches over into next winter. On more than one occasion we have commented on the rich and varied field which lies ready to be cultivated by the capable and sympathetic student of universal song in all its various aspects and developments. Mrs. Coursen's treatment of the subject is a long step in the right direction. She has already mastered two of the most interesting sections: namely, French song and American song, and is now engaged on "The Story of Shakespeare's Songs." "The Story of American Song" is in two parts—"Voices from Plain and Plantation" and "America's Song-Makers." In the first talk is told the story of the red man's attempts at song-making and the pathetic utterances of the negro, and illustrations are given of Indian songs, slave songs, negro melodies and Creole songs. The second talk covers a large area and includes a treatment of our representative modern composers. "The Story of French Song" is composed of three talks, one on old French songs from the troubadours to the seventeenth century; one called "Two Centuries of French Song," the seventeenth and eighteenth, and a third comprising "Eight Hundred Years of Song in France" (1095-1897). The development of song in France is traced succinctly and yet effectively in these talks, and its successive stages are illustrated by songs of Coucy, Hale, Francis I., Marot, Lefèvre, Lully, Thomas, Widor, and many others, together with a selection from the charming dance songs of the earlier period and a number of interesting folk-songs. The talks are delivered in English and the songs are rendered in the original. When it is added that Mrs. Coursen is the happy possessor of a beautiful contralto voice which lends itself readily to the dramatic and lyrical rendition of her songs, and

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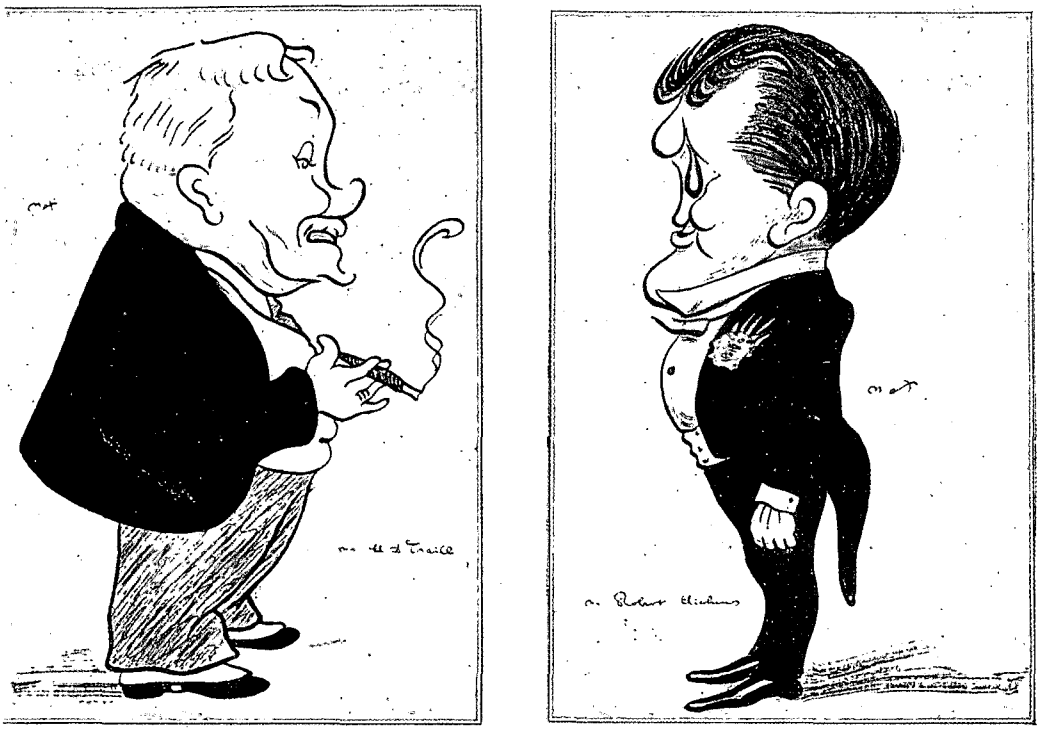

MR. H. D. TRAILL AND MR. ROBERT HICHENS AS THEY APPEAR TO MAX BEERBOHM.

that her programmes are the result of long original study and research, the excellence and high order of her entertainment will be recognized. The literary value of her work appeals strongly to us, and the vocal interpretation further enhances its attractiveness. So fresh and delightful a scheme as this, ably and efficiently carried out, deserves our appreciation and encouragement.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, to whom Mr. Bernard Shaw recently relegated the care of the sock and buskin of the London stage in an egotistically humorous valedictory, has perpetrated through the medium of the *Sketch* the accompanying conceptions in caricature of the authors of *The Medicine Man*, now appearing in a London theatre. The victims of the clever cartoonist are Mr. H. D. Traill, the editor of *Literature*, and Mr. R. S. Hichens, the novelist and music and dramatic critic of the London *World*. Mr. Hichens, by the way, was originally trained to be a musician. Both Mr. Traill and Mr. Hichens are men of Kent. Mr. Traill's first book, *Central Government*, was published when he was thirty-nine; Mr. Hichens was only thirty when he made a flutter with *The Green Carnation*, his first literary effort. Mr. Hichens was born in 1864; Mr. Traill was then two-and-twenty.

Beginning as an actor, Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been by turns art critic, novelist, political essayist, Fabian socialist, public speaker and playwright in the course of a most distinctly unconventional career. It is in the last named capacity that he is best known over here through Mr. Richard Mansfield's acting in *Arms and the Man* and *The Devil's Disciple*—the only two of his plays that have been produced in this country. The former is included in the two volumes of his *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant* which Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company published quite recently. The latter was only brought out on the stage last season and for that reason its publication has been postponed in order that Mr. Mansfield may enjoy a little longer monopoly of the play. By birth an Irishman this may ac-

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G. Bernard Shaw

count to some extent for his versatility and diversity of gifts. At the age of twenty he left the drudgery of desk work in a land agent's office in Dublin for an open field and a free hand in London. For several years he struggled with the monstrous ogre that waits to devour so many buoyant young lives of promise in the metropolis, and he gradually conquered, fighting his way into journalism, literature and publicity. Unorthodox in his views pertaining to religion and literature, in diet a vegetarian, in habits a non-smoker and a total abstainer, in dress most uncompromising (a "first nighter" usually sees him in a flannel shirt and a slouch hat), his most pronounced idosyncracy, however, is his contempt for Shakespeare, his penchant for Ibsen and his passion for Shawism. Great is Shakespeare, but greater is Ibsen, and greatest of all is G. B. S.! That is the centre of his creed. One of your self-made men, he worships his maker with the zeal of a devotee.

One of the saving qualities of the man Bernard Shaw is his fund of ready wit and gift of satire. Allied to this is his philistine attitude toward the established order of things. Together these have made him a sort of force that has scattered itself in various departments of life, and left some crude impressions, but his personality and work fall short of power because of his lack of balance, his instability, his utter revolt against the "old beautiful submission to the established laws of the world." And yet there is a fearless sincerity about the man, a hatred of cant and shams, and a daring conviction in his habitudes of mind and life that commands respect. The new portrait which we give of Mr. Shaw (a reproduction of an oil painting appeared in THE BOOKMAN for June, 1896) is taken from the frontispiece to the first volume of his *Plays* through the courtesy of the publishers.

A letter which Mr. Shaw once wrote to Miss Marbury, his American agent, gives us a glimpse of his saturnine wit and is rather characteristic. Miss Marbury had written an apologetic note accompanying a remittance for royalties which were disappointingly small, and immediately she received the following reply from the dramatist:

"Rapacious Elizabeth Marbury: What do you want me to make a fortune for? Don't you know that the draft you sent me will permit me to live and preach socialism for six months? The next time you have so large an amount to remit please send it to me by installments, or you will put me to the inconvenience of having a bank account. What do you mean by giving me advice about writing a play with a view to the box-office receipts? I shall continue writing just as I do now for the next ten years. After that we can wallow in the gold poured at our feet by a dramatically regenerated public."

At the Booksellers' dinner, held a few weeks ago in London, a great deal of light and airy opinion about books, authors, and the past, present and future —especially the future—of literature, floated over the wine and viands. Eschewing the more serious talk, we hasten to quote some of Mr. Zangwill's happy remarks on the occasion of his rising to the toast of "The Trade:"

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"I once met a lady in an omnibus, who said to me, 'Are you Mr. Zangwill?' I said I was. She said, 'I have read one of your works six times.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'I had rather heard that you had bought six copies.'

"We write books too quickly nowadays. There was once an author who wrote as many books as his wife gave him children. But one year she produced twins and he was a book behind. There are a good many authors to-day who keep pace with triplets.

"We get books too easily nowadays. We get them from circulating libraries and return them; we borrow them from friends and do not return them; and we get them from philanthropic libraries free of charge, and these libraries add insult to injury by begging a free copy of his book from the author."

Mr. Andrew Lang responding to the toast of "Literature" emitted some biting sarcasms among which were these:

"For the consumers of literature I have a profound contempt because they do not consume enough, nor is what they consume of the right sort.

"Among things which prevent an author from getting on is the Circulating Library.

"The curses of literature are education, bicycles, golf, the art of fiction and printing."

Mr. Henry G. Catlin, whose story, *Yellow Pine Basin*, we commended highly about a year ago for its strong and original character "Zeb," who stands typically for the last of the prospectors, has written a story called "Alleghany," which is to appear in the Independence Day number of *The Youth's Companion*.

Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., is to contribute an article on "Paul Jones in the Revolution" to an early number of *Scribner's Magazine*. Captain Mahan has drawn a plan of the battle between the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Serapis* which it is said, will give a new idea of that romantic naval fight. Among other more noteworthy good things which are promised in the autumn numbers is a series of papers on "Art and Artists," which will contain a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Ruskin as an artist by his old friend and admirer Spielmann, and the illustrations to accompany this article will, for the most part, be published for the first time. We also have the promise of an article on "Stevenson at Play" by his step-son Lloyd Osbourne. But most interesting of all is the announcement of a series of letters written by the late Sidney Lanier, who was a musician as well as a music critic. These letters were written to his wife and are rich in descriptions of the poet's ideas and feelings while listening to the varied strains of music which he heard on different occasions—musical impressions which music lovers have often longed to convey but which only a poet could realize. We welcome it not only as a singular contribution to the literature of the subject, but as an attempt to throw some interesting sidelights on the life of one of our greatest poets.

Mr. Robert Barr has written a new story, the scene of which is laid in Germany about the year 1200. It is founded on a tale of a famous old German, who lived in a castle by the Moselle, having a man shot from a catapult, and being himself, wonderful to relate, the human missile. He survived the experiment and afterward built a chapel on the spot. Mr. Barr visited the place, found the ruins of the castle and saw ancient catapults and the ruins of the chapel built to mark the spot where the catapulted officer came to the ground unhurt. For many days thereafter, the click of Mr. Barr's typewriter might have been heard incongruously converting the silent vestiges of the past into romantic material for the present, as he sat within the shelter of the castellated walls surrounded by a mist of cigarette smoke.

There is a chapter in Stevenson's *Prince Otto* which once having read the true lover of Stevenson never forgets. He marks the day he comes across it with a white stone, as Hall Caine would say. It is the chapter called "Princess Cinderella" in which is described the flight of the princess in the night—"one of the most perfect things Stevenson ever wrote," says that acute critic Mr. Joseph Jacobs in a moment of true insight. "Yes, *Prince Otto* is the Stevensonian crux; like not that and you are no true Stevensonian." With keen pleasure, then, do we welcome the latest of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher's dainty little issues of the *Bibelot* which contains this literary gem under the title *The Flight of the Princess*. Mr. Mosher as usual, too, adds to our bibliographical knowledge of the subject by informing us that the romance first

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appeared in *Longmans'* in 1886; and by quoting a passage from the work in serial form which was excised in the book he gives us further evidence of Stevenson's self-imposed restraint and rigid literary discipline. *Prince Otto* is the one bit of Stevenson's work which is apt to be overlooked; and by calling marked attention to it through this reprint of its finest chapter Mr. Mosher has earned the reward of a genuine lover of letters.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have published in a neat pamphlet form the two poems by which Mr. Richard Mansfield lately attracted the attention of the literary world in addition to the dramatic. These are "The Charge of Dargai Gap" and his war poem, "The Eagle's Song." They will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Mr. Le Gallienne in the character of the Rev. Theophilus Londonderry is said to have boldly taken the career of a recently deceased Congregational minister. Indeed, he has almost given the real name. The minister of whom we speak worked in a suburb of Manchester. He was engaged in business during the day, as Mr. Le Gallienne says, and lived in a very humble house which, however, was magnificently furnished, crammed with fine books and with a grand piano. This minister was in the habit of getting famous men to lecture for him, and no doubt Mr. Le Gallienne came to know him in that way. His career did not last long, and its latter part was darkened. A story which we know to be true is told of a friend who went to see him and to console him in his extremity. This friend read to the dying minister a chapter from the Epistles. All he remarked was: "What a terrible style St. Paul had! Almost as verbose and involved as Gladstone's." A correspondent who was personally acquainted with the hero of *The Romance of Zion Chapel* declares, however, that Londonderry did not abandon the Christian faith, and he also adds that Mr. Le Gallienne was at school with the Rev. Theophilus.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Hodden and Stoughton, who are publishing *The Grandissimes* by Mr. Cable in England, we print on another page from advance sheets the Introductory Note which Mr. J. M. Barrie has written for this edition. Mr. Barrie has also written an introduction to a new volume of short stories called *The Widow's Tale*, which includes a vivid reminiscence of the author, the late Mrs. Oliphant. After giving his first impression of Mrs. Oliphant when she "ordered me to Windsor," and when he purchased an umbrella for the first time in his life in order to impress her, he goes on to say:

"The last time I saw her, which was shortly before her death, I knew her better. Her wit had all gone out of her eyes, though not quite from her talk. Her face had grown very sweet and soft, and what had started to be the old laugh often ended pitifully. The two sons who had been so much to her were gone, and for the rest of her days she never forgot it, I think, for the length of a smile. She was less a novelist now than a pathetic figure in a novel. She was as brave as ever, but she had less self-control; and so, I suppose, it was that the more exquisite part of her, which the Scotchwoman's reserve had kept hidden, came to the surface and dwelt for that last year in her face, as if to let all those who looked on Mrs. Oliphant know what she was before she bade them good-bye. I wonder if there is among the younger Scottish novelists of to-day any one so foolish as to believe that he has a right to a stool near this woman, anyone who has not experienced a sense of shame (and some rage at his heart) if he found that for the moment his little efforts were being taken more seriously than hers. I should like to lead the simple man by the ear down the long procession of her books."

The American committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Fund after closing its accounts has remitted to the Edinburgh committee a surplus of £287 9s 8d ($1,391.40). The following letter, received by the chairman of the American committee, will, in its final disposition of the Fund, be gratifying to Stevenson's admirers in America:

BRITISH MUSEUM, May 29, 1898.

My Dear Sir: Pray forgive my delay in answering your letter of April 26 last, and thanking you for sending me a copy of the memorial reprint of *Æs Triplex*.

It may interest you to learn that the Committee, at a final meeting the other day, decided to ask Mr. St. Gaudens to design a mural memorial for the Church of St. Giles's, Edinburgh (which is being gradually turned into a kind of Scottish Westminster Abbey), the surplus, if any, to be devoted to erecting a stone seat or resting-place on the Calton Hill.

Yours truly, SIDNEY COLVIN.

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LINES

FAILURE.

YE WHO HAVE CROWNED ENDEAVOUR WITH SUCCESS HAVE GAINED A TRIVIAL VICTORY;
WE WHO HAVE STRIVEN ON TO FAILURE HAVE OUR GREAT MOMENTS OF DESPAIR.
WHAT IS YOUR TRIUMPH AND YOUR JOY TO THE MIGHTY PASSION THAT WE CALL DEFEAT?
WHAT IS THE BATTLE WON TO THE GRANDEUR OF THE BATTLE LOST?
MIGHTY THE EFFORT THAT YE MAKE WHO FEAR TO KNOW THE HORROR OF DEFEAT,
BUT MIGHTIER FAR THE COURAGE THAT CAN LOOK INTO THE FACE OF FAILURE AND BE CALM.

IN PROTEST.

I WILL NOT SIT FOREVER AT THE FEET OF THOSE GREAT GODS.
I WILL NOT ALWAYS KNEEL, UTTERING UNANSWERED PRAYERS.
I WILL NOT ALWAYS BE CONTENT TO BOW MY HEAD.
SOME DAY I WILL ARISE AND STAND BEFORE THEM;
FACE TO FACE
I WILL STRETCH OUT MY EMPTY HANDS,
THAT THEY MAY SEE THE BARREN HARVEST OF MY FAITH.
I WILL DEMAND OF THEM
THE RECOMPENSE.

THE KING.

HE HAD NOT COURAGE;
HE COULD NOT SMILE AND SEE
HIS PEOPLE WANT AND STARVE AND DIE.
HE COULD NOT PUT AWAY THE HANDS THAT CAUGHT HIS ROBE
AND CLUNG TO HIM.
HE SOMETIMES WOULD FORGET HIS OWN DESIRES,
REMEMBERING THEIR NECESSITIES.
HIS BLOOD WAS RED, NOT PURPLE AS A KING'S.
HE WAS PATRICIAN,
BUT THE GODS FORGOT
TO CHILL HIS HEART.
THEY LEFT HIM IMPULSE
AND IT STOLE HIS THRONE.

THE SUM.

THERE IS ONE WORD WHICH SET AGAINST THE LIVES OF MEN
WILL SUM THEM ALL.
BEGGAR AND KING;
THE NARROW MIND AND THE GREAT HEART;
THE CHILD AND THE PHILOSOPHER;
AFTER EACH NAME WRITE DOWN—UNSATISFIED

Paul Kester.

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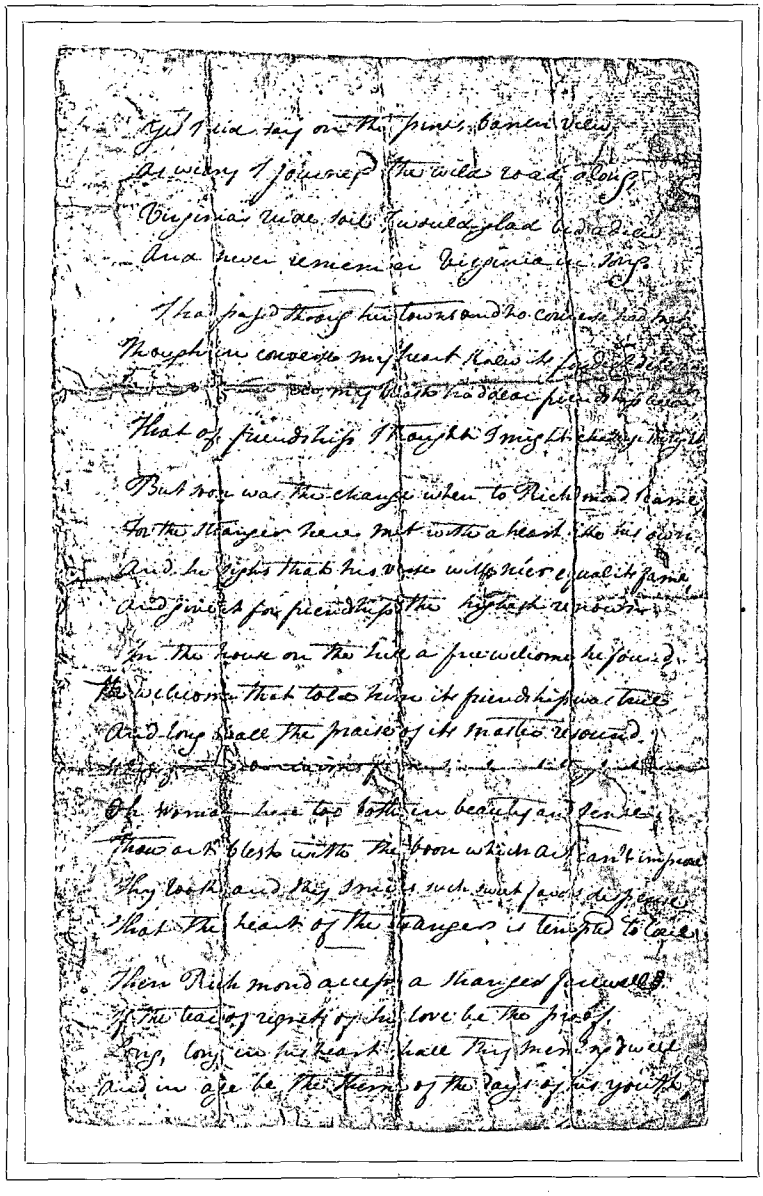
AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS MOORE

There has lately come into my possession the manuscript of a poem written by Thomas Moore during his visit to this country, which has never been published. The poet had come to the States, with prepossessions by no means



FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING UNPUBLISHED AUTOGRAPH VERSES BY THOMAS MOORE.

unfavourable, but it was his ill fortune to be completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which he had formed. It seems, too, that he had heard a great deal about the hospitality of the Virginians, and had looked forward

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with pleasure to spending a part of his time in Virginia. Upon his arrival at Norfolk, however, he was received rather coldly and during his stay there he did not receive the attention which he evidently thought was due to him. He soon left Norfolk in disgust and went to Richmond. There he met a Mr. William Wischam, who was then a prominent figure in the State capital. Mr. Wischam invited the poet to be his guest and showed him great courtesy. Here his feelings underwent a grateful change, which awakened in his Celtic breast more gracious thoughts of Virginia and her people, and moved him to write the poem which is printed below. The verses were written in Mr. Wischam's house and found lying on the writing table after Moore's departure. I received the poem from a grandchild of Mr. Wischam, who also related to me the circumstances which caused it to be written, and kept in the family.

The verses are contained on one page and the manuscript, frayed and worn at the edges, is held together by a backing of thin canvas, but the ink grown brown with the lapse of time still allows the handwriting of the poet to be easily deciphered. A fac-simile of the manuscript is herewith reproduced, and the poem itself is now printed below for the first time.

James C. Johnson.

Langley, Fairfax County, Va.

Yes! I did say on the pine barren view,
As weary I journeyed the wild road along,
Virginia's rude soil I would glad bid adieu
And never remember Virginia in song.

I had passed through her towns and no converse had met,
Though in converse my heart knew its fondest delight.
And so firm in my breast had dear friendship been set,
That of friendship I thought I might challenge the right.

But soon was the change when to Richmond I came,
For the stranger here met with a heart like his own,
And he sighs that his verse will ne'er equal its fame,
And give it for friendship the highest renown.

In the house on the hill a free welcome he found,
The welcome that told him its friendship was true,
And long shall the praise of its master resound,
While gratitude claims from his heart the just due.

O woman, here too both in beauty and sense
Thou art blest with the boon which art can not improve,
Thy looks and thy smiles such sweet favours dispense
That the heart of the stranger is tempted to love.

Then, Richmond, accept a stranger's farewell!
If the tear of regret of his love be the proof,
Long, long in his heart shall thy memory dwell,
And in age be the theme of the days of his youth.

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THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
Taken at Cannes, March, 1898.

A NOTE ON MR. GLADSTONE

The career of William Ewart Gladstone affords a remarkable illustration of the sort of cumulative reputation which almost any man in public life may gain in some degree by simply living on and on and winning, from the mere fact o continuous existence a sort of Nestorian position in the generation of men among whom he dies. Had Mr. Gladstone passed away fifteen or twenty years ago

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he would, to be sure, have been regarded as a striking parliamentary figure, as one who had played an important part in purely English legislation, as an excellent economist and master of finance, as a versatile, ingenious and upright man,—but as nothing more. It was, however, given him to live beyond the time when most men pass into inactivity; and therefore at his death he is now, for the moment, spoken of as a giant of intellect, a miracle of statesmanship, and a majestic type of the governing Englishman. Yet in these last years of his he has really added little or nothing to the sum of his earlier achievements, and the outburst of excessive eulogy with which the press of late has teemed is really due to the fact of his great age and to the momentum which the reputation of many a man acquires through the simple lapse of time.

We have seen this sort of thing exemplified in our own national history and in our own public life. There are always men of no exceptional attainments, men in fact who in the vigour of their manhood are looked upon with only a very qualified admiration, yet who in the course of time become so thoroughly familiar to the public mind that at the last they are regarded as having even in their lifetime become historic, as being landmarks, so to speak, in the development of our political history. There have been others whose characters have even bordered upon the disreputable, who have nevertheless experienced something of this same sort of apotheosis. People gradually become familiar with their names; continual caricature, invective, and ridicule even, serve in the long run only to give them prominence; until finally by a sort of general consent and after some of the bitterness of party strife has spent itself upon them, the public mind grows rather fond of them, and men become accustomed to them, as it were, and would miss them were they taken suddenly away. Note, for instance, the career of the late General B. F. Butler, a man of much ability to be sure, but one whose character embodied much that was rather low, unscrupulous and cynical, who was first used and finally ostracised by every

party in its turn, and who had been accused of acts that verged even upon personal dishonour. Nevertheless, near the end of his career and simply by keeping

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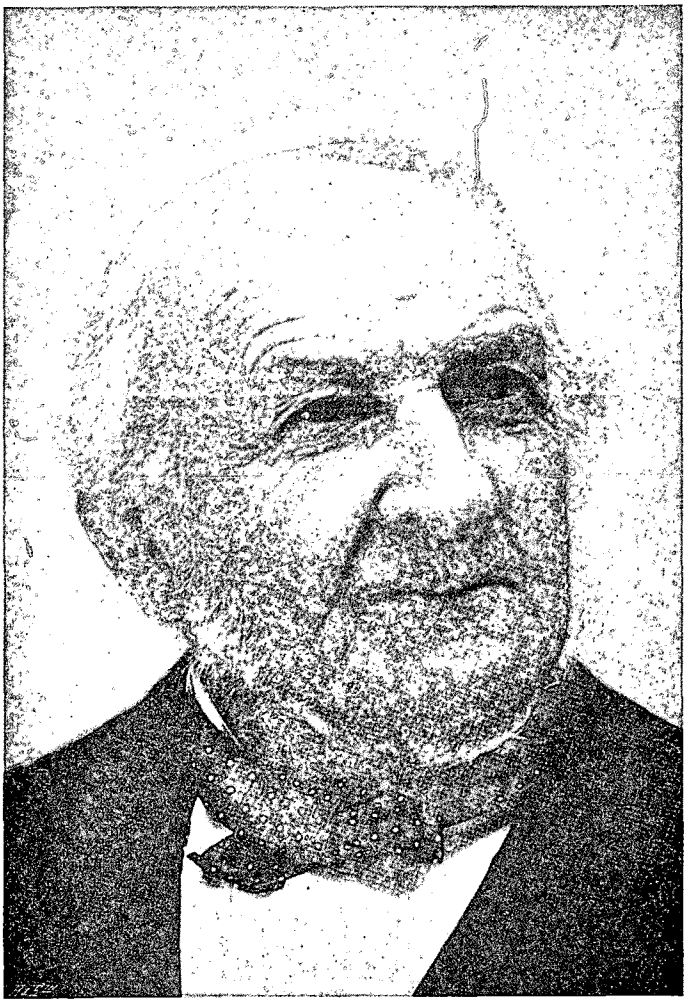

THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE SMILING.
Taken by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.

himself persistently before the public, he won at last a sort of gradual recognition, and then an honour that was more than ordinary recognition, when one of the very oldest and stateliest of our American commonwealths deliberately chose him as its Governor,—a thing that half a dozen years before would have appeared so strange, so utterly incredible, as to be almost monstrous.

Ten years ago, Mr. Gladstone, in many parts of England, was easily the most unpopular of all that country's statesmen. He was attacked on almost every possible charge except that of dishonesty. Young Tories, imbued with a savagery of party spirit such as modern England has seldom seen, used even after dinner to drink to his speedy death. On one occasion, while passing through the streets of London with his wife, he was actually stoned and threatened with personal violence, so that he had to seek for refuge in a neighbouring house. Had he died at that period, the voice of official eulogy would have been curiously blended with the hoots and hostile cries of those who looked upon him as one whose policy threatened the dismemberment, or at least the division, of the British Empire.

It is difficult, perhaps, at the present moment, to disentangle the curiously complicated threads of his achievement, of his personal gifts, and of his intellectual capacities, and to determine which of these will in the end be permanently woven into the enduring web of English history. His versatility led many to admire what they could not themselves intelligently judge; his eager enthusiasm had something about it that was contagious; and his great age, coupled with his remarkable mental vigour, gave to his later political contests a certain spectacular quality that made the man attractive to the minds not only of his countrymen but of all who speak the English tongue.

As a matter of fact, it is not in reality in many fields that Mr. Gladstone is deserving of truly serious consideration. As an orator he had the personal and special gifts of an impressive presence, a clear and resonant voice, and an enthusiasm which often for the moment carried away his immediate hearer. Yet there is very little out of the whole mass of his

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REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN, 1892.
Drawn by Campbell Veitch in the *Sketch*.

oratory which anyone to-day would care to set among the masterpieces of English eloquence. He had a wonderful flow of language, but this was in reality a fatal gift, in that it diluted his thought and made it, when viewed in the proper perspective, seem lacking in precision, in point, and at times even in genuine conviction. Disraeli's famous description of him as "a sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" was grossly unfair, yet it contained more than a grain of truth; and it must be said that, as an orator and from the point of view of purely oratorical standards, Gladstone has left few passages to which posterity will spontaneously revert.

As a scholar, in which capacity he was fond of figuring, his attainments can not be viewed with any serious consideration. His scholarship, such as it was, represented a type of learning that has passed away. It was distinctly old-fashioned and of the kind that belongs to the period of "the Greek-play bishops," being plodding, industrious, more or less flimsy and superficial; the sort of scholarship, in fact, that anyone can easily obtain by carefully perusing and absorbing the writings of profounder men. The esoteric view of Mr. Gladstone as a scholar is, indeed, contained in the little epigram that was so often pointed at him, to the effect that statesmen alone regarded Mr. Gladstone as a scholar, while scholars alone were willing to accept him as a statesman. His theological learning was equally commonplace, and was based upon omnivorous reading and a sort of Scottish fondness for polemics such as led him at times to attack so wildly and intemperately the Papal power. One of the latest of his published writings, a commentary on the works of Bishop Butler, was so utterly unoriginal as to make it difficult

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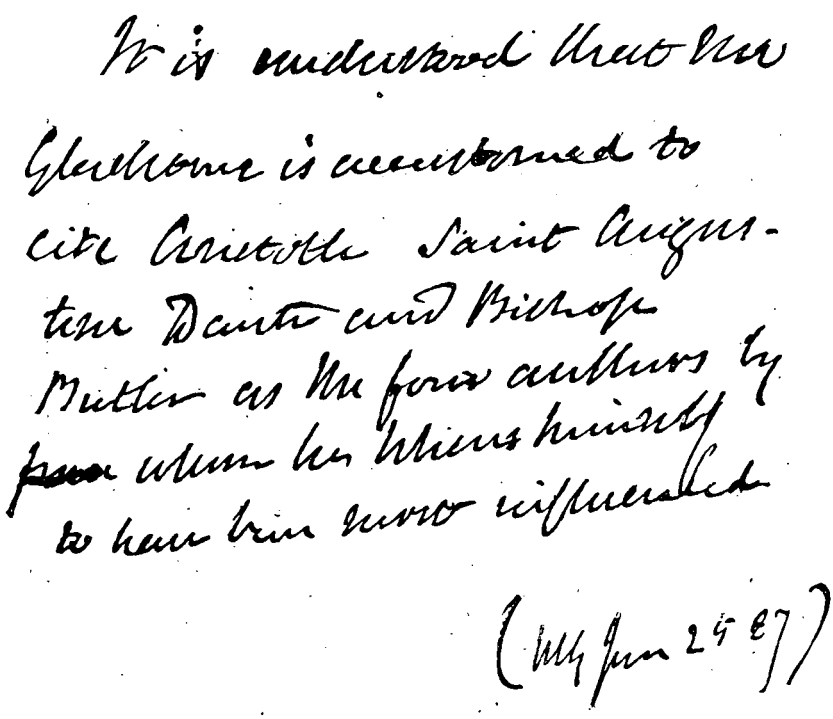
even for his literary partisans to find anything within its pages to justify more formal and perfunctory praise.

As a statesman, Mr. Gladstone's career was, in the first place, one of the most extraordinary inconsistencies. Beginning as a high Tory he ended as an advanced Radical; and he was always shifting and changing, to the bewilderment of his party friends, though his dialectics and his hair-splitting sophistry never failed to furnish the man himself with a plausible explanation of his strangly altered views. And this led to a certain distrust of his sincerity and his judgment. No English constituency, indeed, was ever willing to retain him as its representative for any extended length of time, and he had again and again to shift from place to place in order to be sure of re-election. His greatest weakness as a statesman, however, lay in his lack of interest in the Empire as opposed to Little England. His view-point was intensely local. Measures of taxation, financial budgets, extension of the suffrage,—these things were to him extremely interesting. He understood them and his treatment of them was masterly; but of the deeper and more enduring problems of the nation he took but little heed. He was impatient of foreign questions; he gave no serious thought to the grave colonial interests that are still in sentiment, at least, still Britain's own. And this is really why his fame must soon inevitably shrink until he takes his place in history among the minor statesmen who belong to England rather than to the Anglo-Saxon world. To legislate for England was once, even in its narrowest sense, a function whose importance was far more than local. In the days when the great traditions of constitutional liberty were being framed, and when their basal principles were taking concrete form in English usage and in the statute books of English law, then the man who played a local part was really a great world figure, for he was establishing the precedents which the whole English-speaking world would ever after follow, and by which they would be guided in their legislation. But in Gladstone's day the time for this was over. The work had long before been done; and therefore his budget-making and



AUTOGRAPH POSTAL CARD WRITTEN BY MR. GLADSTONE IN REPLY TO THE QUESTION, WHAT BOOKS HAD INFLUENCED HIM? SENT TO THE BRITISH WEEKLY, JUNE, 1887.

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his suffrage tests concern no one but Englishmen, and they belong to the category of subjects whose consideration gives at times to the British Parliament the parochial air of a vestry-meeting. For England as England is of no great moment any more; it is England as the mother and the historic head of the Anglo-Saxon race that claims the love and the allegiance of her allied sons all over the world whose territories they are conquering for her and for the spirit of her civilisation. It was this England that Gladstone never knew. His England was the smug contracted England of the Brummagem trader and of Hodge, the ditcher.

Hence, his fame will finally be limited to the England for which he lived, and Imperial England will know him not. He never touched the broader policy of Greater Britain without doing it some serious mischief. His lack of insight here was really curious, and it is seen at every turn of his career. His blundering discourtesy to the Austrian Emperor to whom ultimately he had to pen a most humiliating apology, his blind belief in the "nation" which Jefferson Davis had "created," his surrender to the Boers which after all merely postponed the now inevitable question of their final subjugation, his foolish promise to the French regarding Egypt, his sentimental surrender of the Ionian Islands, his desertion of the heroic Gordon—all these things are of a piece; and they show the Little Englander, bat-like and blind to the appalling but magnificent responsibilities which belong to the one race which has the courage to assume them and the genius to succeed.

Gladstone will live, then, in the history of this century; but he will live as one who was a picturesque and striking figure rather than as one who reached the highest glory of imperial statesmanship. He will live for his parliamentary skill, for his mastery of finance, for his pure and upright character, for his urbanity and perfect courtesy to his political opponents, and because he was the last of those statesmen of the earlier school who brought into the din and clamour of the House of Commons something of the dignity and something of the intellectual grace imparted by the two great universities. But he will not rank with Burke, with Chatham, with Pitt, or even with Lord Beaconsfield; for his fame, as we have said, belongs to England only, and has no meaning to that far mightier people in whose great host the Englishmen of England are but a single phalanx —the host that has at last begun its irresistible march to universal conquest to be ended only when the Anglo-Saxon has set his foot upon the neck of every other race.

Harry Thurston Peck.

A BIT OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY BY FENIMORE COOPER

When Fenimore Cooper was in the height of his literary power, and had just finished the last of the *Leatherstocking* tales, he paused for a few months to recall one of the most interesting episodes of his life, and to prepare for publication some facts as an autobiographical history of a brother sailor, which rivaled in exciting adventure many of his own most noted fictions.

Of an adventurous and somewhat romantic disposition, Cooper imbibed in early life an experience of the forest and a taste for the sea, which served him in good stead when he became a writer of fiction. Quick-witted and bright as a scholar, he was able to enter Yale at the age of thirteen, the youngest member of his class, but one. Active and restless, he did not complete his college course, but left it for more stirring scenes, having the navy in view as a profession.

It was the fashion of the day, in order to get a practical knowledge of seamanship, to make a number of voyages in a merchantman before the mast, which served in some sort as a training-school to the navy. In 1806, when in his seven-

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teenth year, Cooper had his first experience as a sailor in the ship *Stirling*, Capt. Johnson. The cabin boy of the vessel at the time was a lad by the name of Ned Meyers. Hardly could either of the apprentice boys of the day have foreseen that forty years later, one would have drifted into port a battered hulk, his life work over, and that the other, on the full tide of a world-wide fame, should become the biographer of his humble companion.

The circumstances attending their meeting, after years of separation and forgetfulness, are interesting.

It appears from Ned's own account of himself, as related in his life, that his career was not different from that of most of his class, and he became broken in health and strength before he reached middle life. Although his helplessness was the immediate result of an accident, yet his moral reflections when he found himself laid up in a hospital may be worth quoting, as a warning to many another under like circumstances:

> I was now really on the stool of repentance. In body I was perfectly helpless, though my mind seemed more active than ever before. I overhauled my whole life, beginning with the hour when I first got drunk, as a boy, on board the *Stirling*, and underrunning every scrape with a fidelity and truth that satisfy me that a man can keep no log-book that is as accurate as his own conscience. I saw that I had been my own worst enemy. Liquor lay at the root of all my calamities and misconduct, enticing me into bad company, undermining my health and strength, and blasting my hopes. I resolved that if I ever left this place it should be as a new man.

From the hospital Ned made application to be received into the Sailor's Snug Harbour, into which retreat for seamen he was taken when less than fifty years of age. Here for some years he remained well cared for, excepting an occasional visit to friends. One of these was Capt. Johnson, of the *Stirling*, and while with him Ned asked if he remembered a youngster by the name of Cooper who was an apprentice at the same time on board the vessel. Johnson remembered him well, and believed him to be a Captain Cooper of the Navy. Ned thought so too, but a short time after seeing this Captain Cooper he was satisfied that he was not the man. He then remembered having heard of an author of a number of popular tales of the sea and one who had written a *Naval History of the United States*, as living at Cooperstown on the borders of Otsego Lake. He resolved to write him a letter asking him if he were of the same family with the person who was on board the *Stirling* with him.

An immediate reply came back, commencing with the words, "I am your old shipmate, Ned," which Mr. Cooper followed by telling him when he would be in New York and that he must come over and see him. Some weeks later Ned received word that Mr. Cooper was at the Globe hotel, then standing on Broadway, nearly opposite Trinity Church. Calling there and not finding Mr. Cooper in, he hobbled up Broadway and shortly met Commodore Bolton of the navy, arm in arm with a stranger, a portly, ruddy man of distinguished presence. Ned saluted the Commodore as he passed, and in a moment the stranger turned and called, "Ned," in a voice that he recognized, although he had not heard it in thirty-seven years.

Most interesting to both was this meeting after years of separation. It ended with an invitation from Mr. Cooper to the sailor to visit him at his home in Cooperstown, the following summer.

At this early date steamers on Otsego Lake were unknown, even sailboats were few, and Cooper had rigged up a small skiff, with a lug sail, which answered well enough as a pleasure boat when winds were fair. On this modest craft, in the summer of 1843, sailed and drifted Cooper and Ned Meyers, the latter telling in the ears of the author the story of his thirty years' wanderings.

Cooper wrote in the early morning hours, and many a time in the long summer days he had Ned in his library before the breakfast hour of nine, writing out the details of his life. Later in the day, about eleven o'clock, the two might have been seen coming out of the gate of "The Hall" for a morning walk. The one tall, portly, with the glow of health upon his countenance, and a firm, elastic tread, carrying a light whip of a cane, more ornamental than useful; while the other, prematurely old, with shrunken face and halting step, hobbled by his side, bearing on a crooked stick and struggling to keep up with his vigorous companion.

Not many years after this visit to

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Cooperstown Ned died. Mr. Cooper kept track of his former shipmate during the remainder of his days, and often related, with mingled feelings of sadness and mirth, the circumstances attending his death. It appears that a short time previous Ned had come across the widow of an old comrade in a needy condition. After assisting her for some time it occurred to him that he could provide for her much more conveniently and satisfactorily by marrying her, which he accordingly did. His last sickness came soon after, and upon his death-bed he gave some parting advice to his spouse, saying, among other things, that after the expiration of a suitable time from his decease she had his full permission to marry again, and that he should advise her to do so. "Ah, my dear Ned," replied his weeping partner, "don't mention it. I've had such bad luck this time I don't think I shall ever try it again!"

The war of 1812 it appears found Ned enlisted in the service of his country, and when Captain Chauncey called for volunteers to man the improvised fleet on Lake Ontario, Ned responded to the summons. Here he passed through some of the most vivid experiences of his life. In the loss of the *Scourge*, with nearly all on board, in a thunder gust in the middle watches of a summer's night, we have a repetition, on a small scale, of the catastrophe of the *Royal George*. The vessel had been cleared for action during the day, being in the immediate vicinity of the hostile fleet, and so remained in the calm of the evening. Suddenly, with hardly a moment's warning, a fierce hurricane struck the ship. She careened to the blast. The loosened guns, shot-boxes, shot and other heavy things fell to leeward, and amidst lightning flashes, the roar of the wind and thunder, and the shrieks and cries of the drowning sailors, the vessel went to the bottom. Ned drifted out upon the raging waters, and although he could not swim he put out his hand in the darkness and caught upon a floating boat. His life was saved, and in a short time he was able to pick up a few of his companions. They soon sought refuge on the *Julia*, one of the fleet, and when morning dawned there were no visible signs of the catastrophe but some floating wreckage.

Ned's account of the engagement which took place on the following day, and the capture of the vessel which had rescued him from the elements, is thus described:

We lay only one night off the mouth of the Niagara. The next morning the squadron weighed, and stood out in pursuit of the English. The weather was very variable, and we could not get within reach of Sir James all that day. This was the 9th of August. The *Scourge* had gone down on the night of the 7th or the morning of the 8th, I never knew which. On the morning of the 10th, however, we were under the north shore, and to the windward of John Bull. The *Commodore* now took the *Asp*, and the *Madison* the *Fair American*, in tow, and we all kept away, expecting certainly a general action. But the wind shifted, bringing the English to windward. That afternoon was calm; or had variable air. Towards sunset the enemy was becalmed under the American shore, and we got a breeze from the southward. We now closed, and at six formed our line for engaging. We continued to close until seven, when the wind came out fresh at S. W., putting John again to windward.

I can hardly tell what followed, there was so much manœuvreing and shifting of berths. Both squadrons were standing across the lake, the enemy being to windward, and a little astern of us. We now passed within hail of the *Commodore*, who gave us orders to form a new line of battle, which we did in the following manner: one line, composed of the smallest schooners, was formed to windward, while the ships, brig, and two heaviest schooners formed another line to leeward. We had the weathermost line, having the *Growler*, Lieut. Deacon, for the vessel next astern of us. This much I could see, though I did not understand the object. I now learn the plan was for the weather line to engage the enemy, and then, by edging away, draw them down upon the lee line, which line contained our principal force. According to the orders we ought to have rather edged off as soon as the English began to fire, in order to draw them down upon the *Commodore*; but it will be seen that our schooner pursued a very different course.

It must have been near midnight when the enemy began to fire at the *Fair American*, the sternmost vessel of our weather line. We were a long bit ahead of her, and did not engage for some time. The firing became pretty smart astern, but we stood on without engaging, the enemy not being far enough ahead of us. After a while the four sternmost schooners of our line kept off, according to orders, but the *Julia* and *Growler* still stood on. I suppose the English kept off, too, at the same time, as the *Commodore* expected. At any rate, we found ourselves so well up with the enemy that, instead of bearing up, Mr. Grant tacked in the *Julia*, and the *Growler* came round after us. We now began to fire on the headmost ships of the enemy, which were coming on toward us. We were able to lay past the enemy on this tack, and fairly get to windward of them. When we were a little on John

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Bull's weather bow we brailed the foresail and gave him several rounds within a pretty fair distance. The enemy answered us, and, from that moment, he seemed to give up all thoughts of the vessels to leeward of him, turning his whole attention on the *Julia* and *Growler*.

The English fleet stood on the same tack until it got between us and our own line, when it went about in chase of us. We now began to make short tacks to windward; the enemy separating so as to spread a wide clew, in order that they might prevent our getting past by turning their line and running to leeward. As for keeping to windward we had no difficulty, occasionally brailing our foresail, and even edging off, now and then, to be certain that our shot would tell.

In moderate weather the *Julia* was the fastest vessel in the American squadron, the *Lady of the Lake* excepted; and the *Growler* was far from being dull. Had there been room I make no doubt we might have kept clear of John Bull with the greatest ease, touching him up with our long, heavy guns from time to time, as it suited us. I have thought that Mr. Trant forgot we were between the enemy and the land, and that he fancied himself out at sea. It was a hazy, moonlight morning, and we did not see anything of the main, though it turned out to be nearer than we wished.

All hands were now turning to windward, the two schooners still edging off occasionally and firing. The enemy's shot went far beyond us, and did us some mischief, though nothing that was not immediately repaired. The main throat-halyards on board the *Julia* were shot away, as was the clew of the mainsail. It is probable the enemy did not keep his luff towards the last, on account of the land.

Our two schooners kept quite near each other, sometimes one being to windward, sometimes the other. It happened that the *Growler* was a short distance to windward of us when we first became aware of our critical situation. She up helm, and, running down within hail, Lieut. Deacon informed Mr. Trant that he had just sounded in two fathoms, and that he could see lights ashore. He thought there must be Indians in great numbers in this vicinity, and that we must at all events avoid the land. "What do you think we had best do?" asked Lieut. Deacon. "Run the gauntlet," called out Mr. Trant. "Very well, sir; which shall lead?" "I'll lead the van," answered Mr. Trant, and then all was settled.

We now put up helm and steered for a vacancy among the British vessels. The enemy seemed to expect us, for they formed in two lines, leaving us room to enter between them. When we bore up, even in these critical circumstances, it was under our mainsail, foretopsail, jib, flying jib, and foresail. So insufficient were the equipments of these small craft that we had neither squaresail nor studdingsails on board us. I never saw a studdingsail in any of the schooners, the *Scourge* excepted.

The *Julia* and the *Growler* now ran down, the former leading, half a cable's length apart. When we entered between the two lines of the enemy we were within short canister range, and got it smartly on both tacks. The two English ships were to leeward, each leading a line; and we had a brig and three large regular man-of-war schooners to get past, with the certainty of meeting the *Wolfe* and *Royal George* should we succeed in clearing these four craft. Both of us kept up a heavy fire, swivelling our guns around, so as not to neglect anyone. As we drew near the ships, however, we paid them the compliment of throwing all the heavy shot at them, as was due to their rank and size.

For a few minutes we fared pretty well; but we were no sooner well entered between the lines than we got it hot and hard. Our rigging began to come down about our ears, and one shot passed a few feet above our heads, cutting both top-sheets and scooping a bit of wood as big as a thirty-two pound shot out of the foremast. I went up on one side myself to knot one of these sheets, and while aloft discovered the injury that had been done to the spar. Soon after the tack of the mainsail caught fire from a wad of one of the Englishmen; for, by this time, we were close at it. I think, indeed, that the nearness of the enemy alone prevented our decks from being entirely swept. The grape and canister were passing just above our heads like hail, and the foresail was literally in ribbons. The halyards being gone, the mainsail came down by the run and the jib settled as low as it could. The topsail-yard was on the cap and the schooner now came up into the wind.

All this time we kept working the guns. The old man went from gun to gun, pointing each himself, as it was ready. He was at the eighteenth when things were getting near their worst, and as he left her he called out to his crew to "fill her to the muzzle!" He then came to our gun, which was already loaded with one round, a stand of grape and a case of canister shot. This I know for I put them all in with my own hands. At this time the *Melville*, a brig of the enemy's, was close up with us, firing upon our decks from her foretop. She was coming up on our larboard quarter, while a large schooner was nearing us fast on the starboard. Mr. Trant directed our gun to be elevated so as to sweep the brig's forecastle, and then he called out: "Now's the time, lads—fire at the b—s! Fire away at 'em!" But no match was to be found. Some one had thrown both overboard. By this time the brig's jibboom was over our quarter, and the English were actually coming on board of us. The enemy was now all around us. The *Wolfe* herself was within hail and still firing. The last I saw of any of our people was Mallet passing forward, and I sat down on the slide of the thirty-two myself, sullen as a bear. Two or three of the English passed me without saying anything. Even at this instant a volley of bullets came out of the brig's foretop and struck all around me, some hitting the deck and others the gun itself. Just then an English officer came up and said: "What are you doing here, you Yankee?"

I felt exceedingly savage and answered: "Looking at your fools firing on their own men." "Take that for your sauce," he said, giving me a thrust with his sword as he spoke. The point of the cutlass just passed my hip

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bone, giving me a sharp flesh wound. The hurt was not dangerous, though it bled freely and was some weeks in healing.

I now rose to go below and heard a hail from one of the ships—the *Wolfe*, as I took her to be. "Have you struck?" demanded some one. The officer who had hurt me now called out, "Don't fire into us, sir, for I'm on board and have got possession." The officer from the ship next asked, "Is there anybody alive on board her?" To which the prize officer answered, "I don't know, sir; I've seen but one man as yet."

I now went down below. First I got a bandage on my wound to stop the bleeding and then I had an opportunity to look about me. A party of English was below, and some of our men having joined them, the heads were knocked out of two barrels of whisky. The kids and bread bags were procured, and all hands, without distinction of country, sat down to enjoy themselves. Some even began to sing, and as for good fellowship, it was just as marked as it would have been in a jollification ashore.

In a few minutes the officer who had hurt me jumped down among us. The instant he saw what we were at he sang out: "Hello! Here's high life below stairs!" Then he called to another officer to bear a hand down and see the fun. Some one sang out from among ourselves to "dowse the glim." The lights were put out and then the two officers capsized the whisky. While this was doing most of the Englishmen ran up the forward hatch. We of the *Julia* all remained below.

In less than an hour we were sent on board the enemy's vessels. I was carried to the *Royal George*, but Mr. Trant was taken on board the *Wolfe*. The *Growler* had lost her bowsprit and was otherwise damaged and had been forced to strike also. She had a man killed and, I believe, one or two wounded. On board of us not a man, beside myself, had been touched. We seemed to have been preserved by a miracle, for every one of the enemy had a slap at us, and for some time we were within pistol shot. Then we had no quarters at all, being exposed to grape and canister. The enemy must have fired too high, for nothing else could have saved us.

In July, while I still belonged to the *Scourge*, I had been sent with a boat's crew, under Mr. Bogardus, on board an English flag of truce that had come into the harbour. While in this vessel our boat's crew were "hail-fellows-well-met" with the Englishmen, and we had agreed among us to take care of each other should either side happen to be taken. I had been on board the *Royal George* but a short time when two of these very men came up to me with some grog and some grub, and the next morning they brought me my bitters. I saw no more of them, however, except when they came to shake hands with us at the gangway as we were leaving the ship.

Following this engagement and capture of the *Julia*, Ned was taken to Halifax as a prisoner of war, and here he remained until the treaty of peace, in 1815. Gradually during the war the number of prisoners increased until it reached nearly eighteen hundred. A formidable body, if leagued together for a purpose, and perhaps the authorities of the city never knew how a plot for the capture of the place just missed being successful. Treachery alone prevented it.

During five years of the most impressionable period of his life Cooper was in the navy, and although he left at the time of his marriage, and just before the stirring scenes of the war, his interests and his friendships were stronger then than in the literary field which he followed later. While purporting to give Ned's opinion on the life of a common sailor in the navy, yet we can read between the lines and see the patriotic and sturdy Americanism in both master and man. Proper allowance must be made between life in a sailing vessel of that day and the changed conditions of the present, but we have no reason to doubt that the facts stated are as true now, as then.

I can say conscientiously that were my life to be passed over again it should be passed in the navy. The food is better, the service is lighter, the treatment is better, if a man behaves himself at all well; he is better cared for, has a port under his lee in case of accidents and gets good steady wages, with a certainty of being paid. If his ship is lost his wages are safe, and if he gets hurt he is pensioned. He is pretty sure of having a gentleman over him, and that is a good deal for any man. This is the honest opinion of one who has served in all sorts of craft, liners, Indiamen, coasters, smugglers, whalers and transient ships. I think the American merchantmen give better wages than are to be found in other services, and I think the American men-of-war, as a rule, give better treatment than the American merchantmen. Such is the result of all my experience in Uncle Sam's navy. God bless the flag, I say, and this, too, without the fear of being hanged.

Perhaps one of the most interesting incidents in the life of Ned Meyers followed closely his advent into the world. He was always somewhat hazy as to his parentage. Of his mother he knew nothing, and of his reputed father he saw but little, and he was afterwards deserted by him entirely. It was well authenticated that the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, who was then known as Prince Edward and was stationed as commander of the British forces at Quebec, where Ned was born, stood sponsor for him at his baptism.

From the fact that the Prince watched

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over the boy in his childhood and after his ostensible father left Canada never to return, the report became current that Ned had royal blood in his veins, and was in truth the Prince's natural son. Cooper, himself, was strongly of this opinion.

Those who are captivated by veritable tales of the sea, had better turn to this life of Ned Meyers* for a double record of romance and reality.

G. Pomeroy Keese.

*Ned Meyers, or A Life Before the Mast. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1843.

EDWARD BELLAMY: AUTHOR AND ECONOMIST

In the death of Mr. Edward Bellamy, the world of reform, as well as the world of letters, loses one whose name has been, perhaps, spread abroad more widely than that of any American except Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and for a reason very similar. For each was the author of a book, which appearing at a critical period in the spiritual history of the race, appealed to a widely-spread, but an only partially recognized sentiment, and developed it into an Idea. That in the one case the Idea immediately blossomed into a purpose, which rapidly ripened into fulfillment, and in the other produced only a sort of temporary excitement, which seems now to have died away, is certainly true. It is partly accounted for, no doubt, by the circumstances of the several cases; by the fact that the abolition of slavery was a reform not only perfectly comprehensible but visibly within the reach of the generation to whom it was preached; and by the other circumstance that there existed a large class of persons who undertook to redress the wrong immediately because they had no interest in maintaining it. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not, perhaps, convert a single slaveholder. It will be remembered, however, that Mrs. Stowe does not attempt to formulate any plan for abolishing slavery; she suggests, it is true, the colonisation of the negroes in Liberia, which on the scale necessary to the end to be attained, would have been a measure in the highest degree tyrannical, and very much less practicable than the establishment of Mr. Bellamy's Army of Industry.

To estimate the value of our author as a social prophet, the apostle of a new gospel, would in any case be impossible until after the expiration of a much longer period than has elapsed between the publication of *Looking Backward* and his death; but it is almost absurdly out of the question at the present crisis, when social reformers are for the most part covering their mouths with their hands and declaring themselves no prophets, but the sons of herdsmen; since it seems an even chance whether the war with Spain will retard our social development fifty years, or precipitate a general European conflagration. All that remains to us, therefore, is to endeavour to apply to his theories the measure of history, to judge whether up to the present moment, the development of society has been strictly along the lines laid down by him; since, where the angle of measurement is so small as that to which we are limited, a very slight divergence will cause it to attain a very different point upon the great circle of the future. And we may also examine the earlier writings of our author for traces of the growth in him of these theories, with which he afterward became identified; and in all love and reverence, try to divine why he so suddenly came forward as a social evangelist, and what this new gospel meant in his own life. Nor is it amiss to state that this will be in truth, pure divination; since the present writer knew Mr. Bellamy only through his books, and had no sort of acquaintance, or even personal correspondence with him.

He was by no means a voluminous writer; though familiar to the literary world for at least a score of years, half-a-dozen books, and a few scattered short stories are all that the student can find by which to estimate him. One can, however, fancy the shy, retiring sensitive sympathetic nature, an alien in the journalistic world in which he "earned his living;" inwardly devoted to the Ideal, but conscious that it had no outgrowth in

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the Real, and perhaps aware that for this reason it was dying in his own soul. There is a curious faithlessness and pessimism about some of his earlier writings, combined with a remarkable psychologic acumen; to one acquainted with *Looking Backward* and *Equality* the vivid presentation of the telepathic communication between husband and wife, "At Pinney's Ranch" (a short story published in 1886 in the *Atlantic*) is far more like Mr. Bellamy than his dispassionate permission to the reader at the close of the story, to believe, if he likes, that the affair was only a coincidence.

It is in another short story in the same magazine, "A Blindman's World," and in *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*, that we come upon what we may justly term the germ of our author's later convictions. In the first, a professor of astronomy, falling into a trance at his telescope, is transported in what our theosophic friends call the astral body to the planet Mars (a world not entirely unknown to literature); the inhabitants of which he discovers to be possessed of foresight, instead of memory; and the advantages of this gift, in contradistinction to the evils attendant upon our blind humanity, are very eloquently worked out. The same thought, the bitterness of remembering, is developed with yet deeper and darker hopelessness, in the little volume above mentioned, in which for the young man once a defaulter, and the young woman once fallen from virtue, forgiveness, whether human or divine, has no value, because to themselves it cannot bring forgetfulness of the shame which the sin has brought upon them. In each case, suicide is represented as the cleansing power; "a certain cold white hand," writes Madeline to her lover, "will have wiped away the flush of shame forever from my face when you look on it again, for I go this night to *that elder and greater redeemer*, whose name is death." The italics are ours.

Perhaps we shall not take our author too seriously, if we quote from the dialogue between Dr. Heidenhoff and Henry Burr,—a dialogue not unlike in character (though far different as to subject), to the interminable conversations between Dr. Leete and Julian West,—a few sentences illustrative of the philosophy which the book embodies.

"It is the memory of our past sins which demoralizes us, by imparting a sense of weakness and causing loss of self-respect. . . . Acts merely express the character. The recollection of the acts is what impresses the character, and gives it a tendency in a particular direction. . . . Memory is the principle of moral degeneration. Remembered sin is the most utterly diabolical influence in the universe. It invariably either debauches or martyrizes men and women, according as it renders them desperate and hardened, or makes them a prey to undying grief and self-contempt. . . . There is no such thing as moral responsibility for past acts; no such thing as real justice in punishing them, for the reason that human beings are not stationary existences, but changing, growing, incessantly progressive organisms, which in no two moments are the same."

There is a very clear note of *Looking Backward* in the last sentence; since, in the attitude of the twentieth century toward the nineteenth, there is very evident a most curious absence of moral responsibility for the sins of its fathers, or of apprehension lest these should be visited upon that day and generation. A well-founded fearlessness, perhaps, since the age is represented as having put away and outgrown any tendency toward these sins; and doubtless Mr. Bellamy, in his later years would have disowned, at least in part, Dr. Heidenhoff's philosophy, and would have recognised, both that it is only a conscience comparatively void of offense that is capable of agonies such as he describes, but that the office of memory is so to purify the character that it becomes incapable of committing again the sin which has caused the pain; and that when it has thus become a different character, the suffering ceases.

The point with which we are immediately concerned is, however, the profound hopeless conviction of our author that the existing state of things is not faulty here and there, but radically wrong; his state of mind appearing not very dissimilar to that of the French philosopher who said that if he had been present at the creation of the universe, he could have given the Creator a few hints. That we should know the future before it comes, that we should be able to immediately forget and disown the past, is his plan of salvation; failing this, there is no escape from the pangs of memory but repeated sin, or suicide.

At this point in his spiritual history he began writing a story the *motif* of which

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should be Socialism, and, as he has told us himself, years ago, in the *Nationalist Magazine*, became a Socialist, and his own first convert, during the process of study and composition. It is readily comprehensible that the theories of Marx, Lassalle and others should have come to him with the force of a new revelation, an irresistible gospel; he had known the times to be out of joint, but now he had found the loose screw. It was not human nature that was wrong, after all, nor was the Creator either unwise or careless in his ordering of the universe, the defect lay in our social system; the simple remedy was to be found in the rectification of the principle of self-interest, in placing the premium upon patriotism and service of the public good, rather than upon selfishness and dishonesty, as at present. This is the foundation stone of Mr. Bellamy's Social Republic, it is the key to the subtle materialism which has repelled many. True, the new gospel came to our author as a gospel for this world, a plan of salvation from sin, sickness and poverty; nevertheless, nothing is more surprising to the reader of *Miss Ludington's Sister* than to find its author creating an Utopia, which, mentally, morally, and physically is tremendously in advance of our present status, while the religious or theological or psychical development is absolutely nil.

Now nothing is clearer to the student of the times and of human nature than that evolution is proceeding quite as rapidly in the domain of psychology as in that of sociology. The popularity of such books as Fletcher's *Mental Healing*, of Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, and *A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life*, is as marked as that of their contemporaries, Gordon's *Christ of To-Day*, and Nash's *Genesis of the Social Conscience*, with its magnificent demonstration that the whole course of history is a record of the evolution or individualisation of "the downmost man."

It is this "downmost man" whose individualisation Mr. Bellamy represents as complete; but Mr. Bellamy is by no means a thorough evolutionist. In fact, even his character drawing is fixed and rigid; no single personage of his creation shows any power of growth, any signs of having been evolved from a lower plane of being. Thus, it need hardly surprise us to find that however he may recognize in words the evolution of his new world out of the old, however he may trace in words the birth, growth, and operation of the ideas embodied in the Social Republic of A. D. 2000, in practice and in his heart of hearts, he considers our present social order as pure disorder. It is not embryonic, but inorganic to his feeling, whatever his reason may have accepted. There are few of us it is true, who can cast a stone at him in this regard; our social order is to very few a living, though undeveloped organism; and certainly to the casual observer it oftentimes seems pure chaos.

It was partly the working out of this, his subjective belief in the inorganic nature of human society, partly the necessities of a novel, that caused Mr. Bellamy to elaborate the details of his Utopia to such a degree that probably no two persons could easily be found able to agree heartily as to all of them. This is at once the weakness and the strength of *Looking Backward*, and its sequel. The main features of the re-organised society; the centralisation of the means of production and their operation by an Army of Industry; the equalisation of incomes, and the requiring of public service from every member of the community,—these are not original with Mr. Bellamy, but form part of the accepted socialistic programme. But in the working out of this plan many very serious problems and perplexities are sure to arise, which the sceptic cavils at, and asks what the reformer means to do about such and such things. The truest answer is, as a matter of course, that the age which is forced to deal practically with these problems will have a better opportunity of solving them than we can possibly have, before the event; but few teachers have the sincerity or the courage to give a reply which places them at such heavy disadvantage; and we have, in consequence, any number of alleged solutions, in which nobody believes, not even those who offer them.

But as has been said, its fullness of detail is also the strength of Mr. Bellamy's presentation. The new republic is set before us not as a proposition but an accomplished fact; and the wealth of information concerning its organisation and governance, its common weals, its

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department of unskilled labour, its red ribbons, its universal umbrella, its this, that and the other, so lavishly poured forth by the author, unquestionably lend it verisimilitude, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, is able to believe in it and to fancy, at least that he understands it. Speaking psychologically, one might say, that a subjective (or imaginative) presentation of any idea, because it reaches the subjectivity of the reader, is often effective when argument fails; since we are convinced, not through the reason, but the imagination. Hence the novel is often powerful when the thesis leaves us of the same opinion still.

A novel, also, appeals to a wider circle than does an argumentative pamphlet, for example; yet all these considerations fail in a measure to account for the tremendous popularity of *Looking Backward*. Very nearly half a million copies sold in the United States alone, with the accepted average of five readers to a copy, besides translation into more languages than one can easily remember or enumerate, means simply that our author has laid his hand upon what is closest to the heart of the people; that he has touched the deepest note which the heart-strings of humanity are as yet tuned to sound. It is not alone that he has set forth the evils of our present "system" or stage of development, as it may more accurately be termed; not alone that he has offered us the contemplation of an ideal which even those who condemn it as impracticable are willing to admit is, at least in its broad outlines, beautiful and uplifting. Other writers have done these things; and the note of brotherhood, of the solidarity of humanity, of human interdependence, has never ceased to echo since Paul of Tarsus wrote, "We are members one of another."

Mr. Bellamy's great and distinctive merit is that by clothing the Ideal in the apparel of the Real, he inspired us with a hope of its speedy attainment. It was this note of hope, the hope which his gospel had brought to his own soul, that took the world by storm; for who would not find his own burden light, in the belief that his children should be delivered from it? And it is for this message of his that we hold Edward Bellamy in loving remembrance as a teacher and prophet. Whether the evolution of society will be as rapid as he believed or along the lines that he has indicated, does not touch the truth of his prophecy; that it will be the outgrowth of the spirit which inspired him is already, despite obscuring circumstances, perfectly evident. For the spirit of brotherhood is, after all, the spirit of the age; and the spirit of this, or of all the ages, is, as our author once said in a private letter, "very like what we mean by the Holy Ghost."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

A NOTE ON MR. CABLE'S "THE GRANDISSIMES."*

To sit in a laundry and read *The Grandissimes*—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of *Dr. Sevier*, but its successor), while the mosquitos and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly, none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were "like that," especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them. They seemed to be easily perplexed, and one, I half think, wanted to be a man for an hour

*From advance sheets of *The Grandissimes*, with an Introductory Note by Mr. J. M. Barrie, through the courtesy of the English publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

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or two just to see how those ladies would impress her then. But by the time she regained the French quarter she was probably sure that she had convinced me. And she had, they all did, one after the other—that the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages were not always ghosts, but always ghost-like. They come into the book like timid children fascinated by the hand held out to them, yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real, they are still out of touch; you feel that if you were to go one step nearer they would vanish away. Such is the impression they leave in all Mr. Cable's books, and his painting of them would be as faulty as the masterpiece exhibited by Honoré Grandissime's cousin in Mr. Frowenfeld's window if their descendants were not a little scared by it, they who had for so long peeped from behind veils and over balconies to be at last introduced to that very mixed society, the reading public. What would Aurora of this book have said to it? She is the glory of the book; no one, not even Mr. Cable (who rather disgracefully shirks the question) can tell why Joseph Frowenfeld "went over" from her to Clotilde (I am sure Joseph did not know) after feeling that to be with her was like "walking across the vault of heaven with the evening star on his arm" (which is exactly what talking to a Creole lady in the St. Charles Hotel is like); yet had Aurora been of a later age and heard what Mr. Cable was about she would certainly, without consulting that droll little saint Clotilde have slipped out of bed some night to invoke the naughty spirits, and when the novelist awoke he would have been horrified to find in one corner of his pillow an acorn, in another a joint of cornstalk, in a third a bunch of feathers. And though he had gone mad with terror she would have held that it served him right. And she would have had more acorns and feathers for the pillows of suspicious visitors to the St. Charles Hotel.

You may still see what was the home of Aurora after she came into her fortune, the house where the little comedy was played (in the last chapter of this book) which I venture to call one of the prettiest love scenes in any language. Of course it is in the French (or Creole) quarter, for though many of the Americans of New Orleans doubtless go to Paris even before they die, the city has still its bit of France, far more truly French than the Paris boulevards of to-day. New Orleans was twice in French hands and once in Spanish before it became part of the United States, and the Creoles are the descendants of the French and Spaniards left behind. Canal street, which may be said to cut the city in two, is their English Channel; on the one side the English tongue and ways of living, though a fourth of the inhabitants are "coloured" (but not all coloured black); on the other lies France (and a little of Spain), the France of a time when railways were not; the names of the streets, the names over the shops, the life, the language, these are nearly all French, often somewhat decayed and as often intermarried perplexingly with interlopers, as the Creoles themselves are said never to intermarry. Those of the French side seem to be reluctant to cross Canal Street even on business, and they go still less frequently for pleasure; it is only when they die that all the people of New Orleans meet (except those who must be content with what is grimly called a "water funeral"), in the strange cemeteries which the swampy soil compels them to build above ground. Each family has its mausoleum of marble or granite, many of them palatial, so that the cities of the dead at New Orleans are infinitely more handsome than the city of the living, and as you walk under the magnolia trees along streets of tombs that look like beautiful dwelling-houses, you may see by the door of one of these houses a woman sitting on a chair knitting, and it is almost as if she had stepped out to enjoy the sun again. Or is it Aurora slipping away for an hour from Clotilde, whom she loved but sometimes found in the way?

There are a quarter of a million people in New Orleans now; there were ten thousand in the days when Joseph Frowenfeld mistook a lady and her daughter for sisters, and walked the vault of heaven with his future mother-in-law on his arm. Even now it is perhaps the most picturesque city in America, but it was still more brightly coloured then, every nationality represented in its arcades and at its lattices and dormer windows, its government just passing into the hands of the English, and every family "a hive of

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patriots who did not know where to swarm." Every family of white people, that is to say, for the blacks are supposed to be out of it all; whatever happens in Louisiana, their condition must remain the same. Gradually we realize that the rivalry between French and English is a trumpery matter in New Orleans compared to the question of blacks and whites, and even the blacks can well afford to wait when their case is put beside that of those who are neither black nor white. Mr. Cable is the impassioned advocate of the rights of the black man, who has surely never had such an artist for champion as here, in the story of Bras-Coupé, yet I like him best when his one arm protects some poor wounded quadroon, and he is fighting for her with the other. The Honoré Grandissime, who is, I suppose, the hero of the book, is a Creole of whom his race have some right to be proud, but the other Honoré is the most memorable figure; he, a white man to all appearance, who told the whole tragedy of his life in the simple words, "I am not white, monsieur."

J. M. Barrie.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

A lady in this city writes us a postal card in order to quote the following sentence from the April BOOKMAN:

"She presided over the letters, passionate on both sides, though with that curious maternal note on the woman's part that one finds never leaving her, which were sent over the Alps."

At the end of this quotation she puts three exclamation points, which we take to mean that she would like our opinion of the sentence from the point of view of style. We are free to say that we think it about the worst sentence that we ever saw, and that it was mighty poor editing on our part to allow it to pass us uncorrected.

II.

The following letter comes to us from a gentleman in West Chester, Pennsylvania:

"In the May BOOKMAN, replying to 'C. H.,' in regard to the pronunciation of the word 'Celt,' you say, 'the word is to be pronounced "Kelt" only when it is so written. There is no reason for pronouncing it in this way when it is written with a C.' Is this rule also applicable to the words 'Cult,' 'Culture,' etc., and are they to be pronounced Kult, Kulture, etc., only when they are so written? And would you say there is no reason for pronouncing them in this way when they are written with a C? Yours very truly, F. T. B."

This is really pretty elementary. We said that "Celt" should not be pronounced "Kelt;" because, when written with a C, its pronunciation should conform to the general usage of the English language which gives to the letter c the sound of s when it appears before e or i, though it has the hard sound of K when followed by a, o, or u.

III.

A lady who signs herself "A Ewe Lamb" has sent us a conundrum. She evidently thinks that it is a pretty good conundrum; because when we didn't print it the first time that she sent it in, she took the trouble to write it out and send it in again with a slight variation. We are not much of a judge of conundrums and we couldn't make one ourselves if we tried; but this one really doesn't seem to us to be first class. However, just to oblige a lady we are willing to give her a little space; so here is the conundrum:

Why is THE BOOKMAN at this time the most useful of Uncle Sam's magazines?
Because it is the only magazine in the field which is provided with arms.

IV.

An eminent Bishop of the American Episcopal Church writes to ask whether we thought that the phrase "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows" was original with Col. Higginson. He rather got this impression from something that we said in our April number. We answer that we did not mean to have it so inferred, but that we knew it to be taken from Wordsworth, though we don't know much about

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Wordsworth in general, and probably never shall.

V.

A lady in Los Angeles, Cal., echoes the Bishop's question and then asks us another:

"Do you really think 'directly the book is finished' (April BOOKMAN) good English?

Yes, we think it perfectly good English but very poor American. Professor Brander Matthews would say that it is neither English nor American but British, which is a little distinction that he is fond of making.

VI.

A vigorous Washingtonian has written us the following letter to which he signs his name:

"Dear BOOKMAN: I like your bumptious gall and conceit very much, and your patronising air of superiority. You say p. 193, Mr. Q. C. 'is a young man of 35 years of age.' Why 'of age?' Wouldn't '*of* 35 years' do as well? Also most of his work, etc., is founded on 'traditions of the past in Cornwall.' Do they have traditions of the present, or of the future, in that country?

"'The death of Mr. James Payn (which took place on) Sunday, March 25!' four words superfluous. 'At McVicker's Theatre on April 11.' Why not 'under' or 'over?' The theatre opened April 11, not *on* it, and Ibsen's birthday was celebrated Sunday, March 20, and not *on* that date. A schoolboy would be spanked for such solecisms."

We beg to answer: (1) We have never felt any desire to see how little food and drink we can live upon, nor in writing have we any desire to see how few words we can use. We are not imitating Tacitus, and we take a particular joy in throwing words around and using just as many as we want. There is no sense in a man's keeping himself trained down always to mere bone and muscle, nor in screwing his vocabulary down to a point where it becomes meagre and half starved.

(2) When we said "traditions of the past in Cornwall" we used the phrase "in Cornwall" as having an adjectival force, precisely as though we had said "traditions of the Cornish past," or as though we had hyphenated it and said "traditions of the past-in-Cornwall."

(3) "Why not 'under' or 'over'?" Simply because they do not belong to idiomatic English in such sentences as our correspondent quotes, while "on" does.

(4) As to the schoolboy, inasmuch as the expressions quoted are not solecisms he would not be spanked for using them. Even if they were solecisms, why spank him? Surely a solecism is a harmless thing for a schoolboy to have in his possession. It doesn't soil his clothes, its keep costs very little, and it has no deleterious moral effect. If we had a son we should rather see him engaged in amusing himself quietly with a solecism or two, than in learning to smoke cigars behind the barn or in getting up a dog fight on the street.

VII.

A resident of this city has written a letter in which he thinks to tangle us up:

"Dear BOOKMAN: In the sentence '*Are* is a verb,' what is the subject? If it is *are*, then is *are* a verb? If *are* is not a verb is it a noun in the nominative case? But then what becomes of the truth of the sentence which says that *are* is a verb? Yours truly,

"SUBSCRIBER."

This is superficially ingenious, but only superficially. Of course *are* is in its essence and in the thought of the person who frames the statement a verb, while in its grammatical relation to the sentence it is a noun. Or, to put it more simply, *are* is a verb here used with a substantial or material force. There is nothing really complicated in the thing at all.

VIII.

This letter from a Tired Reader made us smile a tired smile:

"I rise to an unparliamentary inquiry. Are the letters which appear in THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box written by bona fide correspondents and sent to you through the mails, or are they written by yourself as a means of displaying your intellectual accomplishments?

"TIRED READER."

If this reader is tired it is not the reading of the BOOKMAN that has made him so, for in that case he would at least have observed for himself that his question was long ago both asked and answered. However, for his especial information we will say that the communications answered in the Letter-Box actually come to us through the mails, that they are carefully preserved on a large hook in our office, and that if the Tired Reader will

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call at any time between nine A. M. and five P. M. he can sit and examine them all, including his own. We may add, moreover, that while we have no very high opinion of our own intellectual accomplishments we really think that if some of the letters which we print had been written by ourselves they would not be a very great success as a display.

The Letter-Box is now closed for the rest of the summer in order that we may rest our mind.

LOVE, IT IS NIGHT

Dimmed into dusk the flame-clouds disappear,
The homing bird sweeps low in circling flight,
And distant bells come faintly to the ear—
Love, it is night.

Now that the world is hushed in sombre grey,
Stand not apart nor shut me from your sight;
One little word is all I have to say—
Love, it is night.

Only a year—a year that seemed a life—
Wonderful love, too great for us to bear!
I loved too much and love became a strife,
A fierce despair.

I was unkind—poor fool! I could not see
All of the truth and tenderness divine
Given so gladly, given so to me
That all was mine.

Doubting forever in my cynic soul,
Ruthless I wrecked your faith, your hope, your trust,
Doomed them to death and sought the fated goal
With coward thrust;

Till at the last I wore the joy away,
Taught you the lesson of my own unrest,
Sinned against love so often that to-day
All is confessed.

This is the end? Dear heart, it may be so:
Wounded so often have you learned despair?
Yielding so often have you ceased to know,
To feel, to care?

Yet it is night, the hour when love is strong,
When soft remembrance thrills again the heart,
And tells of pardon for the deepest wrong—
Must we then part?

I dare not seek once more the answering kiss;
I dare not claim once more the lover's right;
But, bending low, I whisper only this—
Love, it is night.

Rafford Pyke.

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LONDON LETTER

Mr. G. W. Cable has now been a month in London, and has been very warmly received. Some of the most distinguished men in this country have ardently admired his writings, and have welcomed an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him. Amongst these are Mr. George Meredith and Mr. John Morley. Mr. Cable paid a visit to Mr. Meredith, who was in excellent form, and able to quote from his favourites among the American novelist's books. He is to spend some time with Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Conan Doyle. While I write he is staying at Aldeburgh with Mr. Edward Clodd. Mr. Clodd has one of the remarkable gatherings of literary men usually assembled by him at every great holiday in his country home. Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Clement Shorter, Sir George Robertson of Chitral and others are amongst Mr. Cable's fellow guests.

Mr. Cable's readings have also been a very marked success. The first of them was given in Mr. J. M. Barrie's drawing room at South Kensington, which was crowded. Mr. Birrell occupied the chair, and in a few pleasant words said that Mr. Cable reminded him more than any other American writer of the illustrious Hawthorne. On this occasion Mr. Cable read from his novel *Dr. Sevier*. Prominent among the distinguished audience were Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Du Maurier and her daughter, and many others well-known in literary society and on the stage. Miss Terry was one of the most appreciative and encouraging of Mr. Cable's audience, and has warmly interested herself in the success of his visit. His second reading was given at Bay Tree Lodge, Hampstead, where Sir Walter Besant presided. There was a crowded attendance and Mr. Cable caught his audience even better than on the first occasion, giving them a powerful and dramatic interpretation of his story "Posson Jone'." Mr. Percy Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*, proposed a vote of thanks, and after the gathering many English friends were introduced to Mr. Cable. The third of his London readings was in Lady Lewis's drawing room at Portland Place. Lady Lewis's husband, Sir George Lewis, is among the most prominent figures in the country, and without a doubt the greatest solicitor in England. Lady Lewis and her charming daughters are keenly interested in literature and art. On this occasion Sir Henry Irving presided, and in a few graceful words placed stress on Mr. Cable's interpretation of the Creole character. This reading was from *Bonaventure*, and if possible went better than either of its predecessors. Mr. Barrie, whose guest Mr. Cable is meanwhile, proposed a vote of thanks, and referred with pleasure to the presence of Sir Henry Irving, "our greatest living actor, if not the greatest actor who has ever appeared in England." As might have been expected there has been a revival of interest in Mr. Cable's writings. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued an authorised edition of *The Grandissimes* with a very bright introduction by Mr. Barrie. Messrs. Sampson Low and Company have issued cheap editions of *Bonaventure* and *John March, Southerner*. Amidst his social distractions Mr. Cable goes on diligently with his new story.

Next month he goes to Liverpool where he will be under the charge of Ian Maclaren; then he proceeds to Edinburgh where he will be the guest of Professor Simpson. He will give a reading there as at Liverpool, and will probably travel a little in Scotland. Leading Congregationalists have been invited to meet him at the Memorial Hall by Mr. Albert Spicer, M. P. Mr. Spicer is the most influential layman amongst London Congregationalists, and there is sure to be a crowded and brilliant gathering. He will also be entertained at dinner at the Authors' Club under the presidency of Sir Walter Besant. The newspapers have given considerable space to Mr. Cable, and a general desire has been shown to make some return for the kindness for which English authors are so much indebted to Americans. I am glad to learn that Mark Twain has consented to be the

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guest of his English brethren when he comes back to London. He will meet with a most sympathetic and respectful welcome.

I have no right to meddle with politics in THE BOOKMAN. In the circumstances, however, I may be permitted to express the deep pleasure with which many of us watch the growing friendship between England and America. Of England's friendship there was never any doubt. What was wanted was simply something that would compel an expression worthy of the reality and depth of the sentiment. The English people are reticent and reserved. They are too apt to take things for granted. They have been perplexed by various utterances and actions of America. When, however, a point of real crisis is reached misconceptions are scattered and realities come to sight. You may be sure that there never has been any doubt at all as to the direction of English sympathy in this war, and the sympathy for America has become warmer and warmer as the position became better understood. I admit that at the outset a certain number of people wished that America should not get too easy a victory, but I never heard of anyone who would not have regarded a defeat of America as a calamity of the first magnitude, a calamity not to be thought of until England, too, had done her best. Of course no danger was apprehended from Spain, but there was a possibility, and perhaps there is a possibility still that the action of continental powers might make our help important. Nearly all journalists have risen to the seriousness of the occasion, and I have read very little in English newspapers to which just exception can be taken. I am bound to say that some letters addressed by London correspondents to American journals give what is considered here a thoroughly false view of the English attitude.

While I write everything is overshadowed by the death of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone had lost so much in political power during the last twelve years; he had excited such bitter animosities, his party was so enfeebled that many were prepared for a much less distinct manifestation of reverence and pride than that which we are now beholding. It is eminently to the honour of all parties that a true view has been taken of the man's real greatness and goodness. Everything else has been forgotten. Newspapers of all shades have vied with one another in the generosity of their tributes. Politicians have spoken with one voice; the Established Church and the Free Churches have been for the moment as one. It is not only true to say that no jarring note has been struck; it is also true to say that there has been no real attempt at an exact and balanced estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character and achievement. For that the time will come, but it has not yet arrived. As everyone knows Mr. Gladstone was a copious writer and an omnivorous reader. His books, speaking generally, have not reached a very large circulation, though some of his pamphlets had a great and rapid run. Perhaps his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* is his most popular book, more than 11,000 copies having been sold. His *Gleanings* published in cheap volumes by Mr. Murray also sold well, or at least the earlier volumes did. Mr. Gladstone was much in request as a contributor to periodicals. He could not be tempted by money offers, but if he had a congenial subject suggested to him he would write upon it without stipulating as to the fee. If the fee was insufficient he would quietly cease to write for the particular editor who paid it. £200 was the price usually given him for a review article, though, if I mistake not, more has been paid in special instances, largely through the enterprise of America. I do not think it has been noticed that an elaborate edition of Mr. Gladstone's speeches was commenced some years ago, and had to be discontinued through the lack of public support. As a critic Mr. Gladstone was extremely generous. He read most of the books that were sent to him, and if he liked them he did not hesitate to say so. In this way many authors are much indebted to him. About the last book in connection with which he was largely quoted was Mr. Hall Caine's novel *The Christian*. He was a cordial admirer of the new Scottish school to which he was first introduced long ago by Lord Rosebery, who gave him a copy of *A Window in Thrums*.

Who is to write Mr. Gladstone's biography? People who ought to know say that Mr. John Morley has been chosen, but I take leave to doubt this. Mr. Mor-

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ley has perhaps not been successful as a statesman, but he apparently wishes to go on with politics, and the man who would tackle Mr. Gladstone's life must have nothing else to do for a long period. A still more serious reason against Mr. Morley's doing the work is that he is necessarily completely out of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone in the deepest, most constant, and most sacred convictions of his life. I have it on the best authority, however, that more than a year before Mr. Gladstone died he urged upon Mr. Morley the duty of writing a book on the Home Rule Movement. This was to serve as an explanation and a vindication of Mr. Gladstone's alliance with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Morley accepted the trust, and I fully expect that he will write the most authoritative chronicle of Mr. Gladstone's closing words as a politician, the years when he lived for Ireland, and when love of the Irish cause practically kept him alive.

The spring season for what reason I do not know has been rather dull. However, as much money has been spent for books as ever. Certain enterprising American gentlemen arranged with the *Times* to issue a cheap edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The result has been a very great success. It is expected that no fewer than 15,000 sets will be sold, and this means of course a very large turn over. The effect of these very large sales will be, I should think, to choke the market and to make the appearance of a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* somewhat distant. This practice of publishing expensive books through newspapers has been very successful on the whole, but in one or two instances which I need not name it has turned out a complete failure.

We still have many new papers and magazines, but nothing very noticeable has appeared of late. I was especially interested in Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's experiment of a penny *London Review*, having for long maintained that the great days of the weekly reviews might be revived if they were issued at a popular price. But I am compelled to say with real regret that Mr. Crawfurd's publication was doomed from the first number. Nothing could be more hopeless than the general arrangement and sub-editing, and the personal note, the note of life, was conspicuously absent. The *Outlook*, a three-penny paper, is remarkably well edited and is sure to succeed if it can be kept up long enough. I am sorry to hear that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, one of the young men who has quickly gained a fortune as a publisher of cheap papers has broken down in health, and is obliged practically to retire from business. Messrs. Harmsworth are to issue two magazines, one at threepence and one at sixpence. It remains to be seen whether the threepenny magazine will take root in this country. Perhaps it may turn out to be the proper development of enterprise. It will, however, have to face great hostility from the news agents who for the same trouble as they have in selling a sixpenny magazine will have half the profit.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

PARIS LETTER

We have had this month a number of pretty quarrels in the literary and artistic world. First we have the quarrel between Rodin and the *Société des Gens de Lettres* anent the statue of Balzac. Everybody was delighted when the celebrated sculptor was preferred by the Society to all his competitors and ordered to make the statue of the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. But Rodin is an artist of a peculiar nature. His ideas grow; they are at first somewhat confused in his mind, and little by little emerge from a kind of chaos; and when they do come out they are sometimes very different from what you had expected. That is just what has happened in regard to Balzac's statue. First of all, Rodin kept the *gens de lettres* waiting a pretty long time before submitting anything to them, and they grew impatient. Second, the project he finally exhibited in this year's salon has thoroughly displeased them. They expected a statue and he presented to them a monument, in which Balzac is surrounded by allegorical figures, sym-

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bolising the component parts of his gigantic production. So the trustees of the society met and decided that "they refuse to recognise in Mr. Rodin's project the statue of Balzac." Rodin was told by his lawyers that if he sued them he was sure to win his case; but there will be no lawsuit. The artist returned to the society the ten thousand francs handed him as an advance payment on account, and a committee of his admirers has bought the monument for the price originally agreed to, thirty thousand francs; and it is hoped that the city of Paris, which has just paid almost the same price for the other one of Rodin's salon exhibits, "Le Baiser," will be willing to erect the monument on one of our public squares. All that remains to do is for Pailleron to add a stanza to his *Ballade du Pauvre Esculpteur.*

Next we have the Sarcey-Coquelin-Séverin imbroglio. It is an amusing one. You know we have had a number of Italian visitors. One of them, Novelli, appeared in a pantomime, and Sarcey praised him very highly, as a remarkable actor of high class pantomime, "Un mime," as we say. He thought our visitor had every reason to be pleased with his judgment of him, when he received from Coquelin a letter lecturing him upon his ignorance. "What! you call Novelli 'un mime!' You don't know that he is the greatest living actor in Italy!" etc., etc. Sarcey prints Coquelin's letter and confesses his sin. "Yes, I did ignore all those things, but I ignore them no longer, dear Coquelin; and here is another letter just received by me, from an Italian admirer of Novelli." Follows great praise of the actor, and then, underscored of course by Sarcey, the following: "And as for the monologues, why, Coquelin does not come anywhere near his ankle!" *Qui est-ce qui n'était pas content? C'était Coquelin.* But he was not yet *au bout de ses peines.* We have just now a very remarkable *mime*, Séverin. He thought the time had come for him to appear in the contest, and he rushed into print with a letter expressing indignation at the contempt shown for the form of art of which he is now the most brilliant exponent, and claiming that a *mime* can be a great artist while being nothing but a *mime.* So Sarcey and Coquelin had, both of them, to apologise to Séverin and peace was re-established without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Paulo maiora canamus! The two participants in the next quarrel were on one side a noble duke, an ex-prime minister, an illustrious historian, a member of the French Academy, the Duc Albert de Broglie, on the other an ex-war minister, who would like to be an Academician, General Du Barrail. A short while after the death of the Duc d'Aumale people began to say in academic circles: "His successor in the Academy must be a soldier." And soon the candidacy of General Du Barrail was announced. The General had written his *Souvenirs,* and that would be considered a sufficiently heavy literary baggage. But lo! the General had been the intimate friend and confidential adviser of Plon-plon, and Plon-plon and the Duc d'Aumale had been personal enemies. No! it would not do to seat General Du Barrail in the Duc's *fauteuil.* So said the Duc de Broglie. But there was between the Duc and the General another ground for quarreling, and it at last broke out into print. In his *Souvenirs* the General, who was War Minister in 1873 in the cabinet presided over by the Duc de Broglie, claims to have been the one man in that cabinet to have opposed the proposing to the French army of substituting the white for the tricolour flag if it was decided to destroy the Republic and place Count de Chambord on the throne. He even adds that his opposition resulted in a request from the other ministers to the then President, Marshal MacMahon, to dismiss him. And the Duc says that all that is pure romance, that the other ministers were as strongly opposed to the white flag as the General himself, that he claims credit for what he never did, and that no one ever asked the Marshal to dismiss him. A number of letters appeared on the subject just before the election at the Academy. The letter-writers did not exactly give to each other the lie direct, but they certainly went far beyond the retort courteous.

After that you will not be surprised to hear that the General did not become a colleague of the Duc at the Academy. He was beaten by a sculptor, M. Guillaume, who is at present at the head of the French school at Rome, in the celebrated and beautiful Villa Medici. It has

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always been the desire of the French Academy to number among its members some members of the other academies. It never had any difficulty in finding eligible candidates among the members of the Academies of Sciences, of Political and Moral Sciences, of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Not so with the Academy of Fine Arts. There it seems very difficult to find any one who would be considered a master of French prose or verse. M. Guillaume is the author of a number of notices upon painters and sculptors, read before the Academy of Fine Arts, and a number of magazine articles. They have been for him the *open sesame*, and so it happens that the Duke d'Aumale's successor is a sculptor and not a general.

We were to have two elections at the Academy, but we have had only one. The other *fauteuil* to be filled was that of Henri Meilhac, a real *homme de lettres*, and this time all the candidates were men of letters. The leading ones were Emile Faguet, the critic, and two writers of plays, Paul Hervieu and Henri Lavedan. Six ballots were taken; on the first of them Hervieu had 8 votes and the other two candidates 9 each, the rest scattering; on the sixth Hervieu had 12 votes, Lavedan 11, and Faguet 10. So the Academy determined to postpone the election to some future day. This is the usual practice in such cases; the Academicians wait for death to create some more vacancies, so that all the contestants may have a chance to come in together.

I forgot to say that Zola was a candidate to both *fauteuils*. He got away with two bull's eyes.

We have had other elections, too, since my last letter, our general election to the Chamber of Deputies. Men of letters ambitious of political honors do not seem to have been especially favored. I see among the defeated candidates Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Maurice Barrès, Charles Benoist, one of the most distinguished contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Jaurès, the most eloquent orator of the House, lost his seat, and so did Minister André Lebon, one of the two men of letters of the cabinet. On the other hand, Professor De Lavesson and Paul de Cassagnac, the fiery journalist, return to the Chamber, from which they had been driven for several years.

Brunetière has just republished in book form his article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes apropos* of the Zola trial; he has added an introduction and notes which make it decidedly spicy reading.

Among the new books I note first *Complications Sentimentales*, a collection of short stories by Bourget, and the complete works of Arthur Rimbaud, the well-known symbolist poet. To those who wish well to study French character I shall recommend Edmond Demolin's *Les Français d'Aujourd'hui*, and Henry Bèrenger's *La Conscience Nationale*, and to those who want to enjoy a hearty, good laugh, or several, Alphonse Allais's *Amour, Désire, et Orgue:* the students of French grammer will understand the title. I ought not to omit a work which may show you that France is far from neglecting the study of American affairs: *La Doctrine de Monroe: l'Evolution de la Politique des Etats-Unis au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, by Dr. M. D. Beaumarchais.

Anatole France seems to be thinking of winning dramatic laurels. A little one-act play of his, *Au Petit Bonheur*, has just been giving a semi-public performance; the special public before which it was given enjoyed it immensely.

Alfred Manière.

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NEW BOOKS

GEORG BRANDES ON SHAKESPEARE.*

Shakespeare in Shakespeare, or the man in his works, the author speaking in the characters of his plays, may be the best words briefly to characterise the nature of this important publication. "I will not let you go until you have confessed to me the secret of your being" might be regarded as the motto which the Danish scholar Brandes has chosen for his book. The work of this Copenhagen professor is already known to Shakespearean students in its Danish form and in a German dress. The English translation—in part by William Archer's hand—makes it our own, and the volumes will hold a high place among all important collections of Shakespeareana in the future. Brandes's book is not a book for beginners; it is a work for students and scholarly readers. Foreign literatures, history, biography, or philosophy, are freely drawn upon if they serve the author at any moment to illustrate his theme.

The aim of this critical study, so comprehensive in its scope, is to give "some image of the spiritual experience" of which Shakespeare is the expression. The life is seen in the works. As tracery to follow in making up his picture of the great dramatist, the author takes the known outlines of Shakespeare's life; he then proceeds to weave into the picture materials and colouring gathered from the plays and the poems. It is the familiar study of the growth of Shakespeare's mind and art followed out in the lines of the generally accepted chronology of the dramas. We walk about the playwright's early home and one can not but contrast it with the fair Mecca of Avon pilgrims to-day, when he remembers that in the sixteenth century:

"Stratford-on-Avon was an unsanitary place of residence. There was no sort of underground drainage, and street-sweepers and scavengers were unknown. The waste water from the houses flowed out into badly kept gutters; the streets were full of evil-smelling pools, in which pigs and geese freely disported themselves; and dunghills skirted the highway. The first thing we learn about Shakespeare's father is that, in April, 1552, he was fined twelve pence for having formed a great midden outside his house in Henley street—a circumstance which on the one hand proves that he kept sheep and cattle, and on other indicates his scant care for cleanliness, since the common dunghill lay only a stone's throw from his house."

The lad Shakespeare's youth is pictured, but nothing seems to be said regarding the spelling and origin of the family name (Shakespeare, not Shakspere, throughout), which might have been mentioned in a standard work of the kind, especially as smaller details often receive attention. Concerning Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, the author's views of the marriage are worth quoting merely by way of comparison or of contrast with those of a hundred others who have expressed themselves on this subject.

"There is nothing to show that in the peasant girl, almost eight years older than himself, whom he married at the age of eighteen, Shakespeare found the woman who, even for a few years, could fill his life. Everything, indeed, points in the opposite direction. She and the children remained behind in Stratford, and he saw her only when he revisited his native place, as he did at long intervals, probably, at first, but afterwards annually. Tradition and the evidence of his writings prove that he lived, in London, the free Bohemian life of an actor and playwright. We know, too, that he was soon plunged in the business cares of a theatrical manager and proprietor. The woman's part in his life was not played by Anne Hathaway."

It is good to notice that Dr. Brandes does not belong to the number of those who cast doubt on the deer-stealing episode and the story of Sir Thomas Lucy's prosecution. So with the future great poet and playwright we ride off from Stratford to London.

From this point Shakespeare's life is studied in closest association with his works. The young man has come from the country to the town. The dramas of the so-called "'prentice period" receive appropriate consideration. With critical judgment Professor Brandes finds fault with his countrymen for omitting, without apology, the *Titus Andronicus* from

*William Shakespeare, a Critical Study. By Georg Brandes. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $8.00.

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the Danish translation of Shakespeare. He then proceeds to the first independent plays, keeping in mind that in the earlier comedies "we find Shakespeare chiefly occupied with the relation between man and woman, and especially, between husband and wife." It is rather a serious comment on Anne Shakespeare if we are obliged to associate her with Adriana or with Katherine. We should feel happier in thinking that Shakespeare speaks rather in Biron's words in that glorious hymn to love in the *Love's Labour's Lost.* The author himself brightens the picture at the moment and he gives us the opportunity:

"We must take Biron Shakespeare at his word, and believe that in these vivid and tender emotions he found, during his early years in London, the stimulus which taught him to open his lips in song."

And, furthermore, the following quotation will show the author's critical feeling:

"Shakespeare is far from regarding love as an expression of human reason; throughout his works, indeed, it is only by way of exception that he makes reason the dominating factor in human conduct. He early felt and divined how much wider is the domain of the unconscious than of the conscious life, and saw that our moods and passions have their root in the unconscious. The germs of a whole philosophy of life are latent in the wayward love-scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

He goes on to show how "the apotheosis of pure passion" is found in *Romeo and Juliet.* We begin also to read Shakespeare's court life between the lines of his plays.

Having closed Shakespeare's first period, the Danish professor stops at this point to launch four pages of criticism and invective against the Baconian theory, "the Baconian impertinences," as he styles such misguided views. The comedy period is now welcome for it is bright, and much that is dark has to follow; in fact, it can not be said that the new work leaves a happy and pleasant impression of Shakespeare upon the mind; at least that is the feeling of the present writer. However familiar we may have been with the "tragic period," the "dark lady," the melancholy of the sonnets, or with the misanthropy of Timon, the picture seems to have become even a little more tinged with sadness than heretofore, and we do not like to have this over-emphasised in the case of the Shakespeare whom we love, even if it may possibly be true. All that is said of Mary Fitton and the Sonnets must be read with a certain reserve in the light of more recent developments which have changed the situation since the author expressed the views that are now translated. This is important because Brandes follows Tyler's theory and he finds in this particular lady a key for explaining Shakespeare's attitude toward Cleopatra, for example, because "day after day that woman stood before him as his model who had been his life's Cleopatra." He employs the same idea when he points out the culmination of Shakespeare's passion in an outburst of "scorn for woman's guile" in Cressida. By the side of this personal element, emphasis is laid on Shakespeare's growing distaste for his profession and calling, as well as upon the misfortunes, individual and political, that are known to have befallen those nearest to him. Everything is elaborated that serves to bring about a better understanding of the tragic period in which the great poet reached the very edge of the gulf of darkness, for "in *King Lear* Shakespeare's vision sounded (!) the abyss of horror to its very depths." The text is interesting:

"I imagine that Shakespeare must, as a rule, have worked early in the morning. The division of the day at that time would necessitate this. But it can scarcely have been in bright morning hours, scarcely in the daytime, that he conceived *King Lear.* No; it must have been on a night of storm and terror, one of those nights when a man, sitting at his desk at home, thinks of the wretches who are wandering in houseless poverty through the darkness, the blustering wind and the soaking rain—when the rushing of the storm over the housetops and its howling in the chimneys sound in the ears like shrieks of agony, the wail of all the misery of earth!"

But enough of the darker and the sadder side. It is a relief when the author once more follows Shakespeare to his Stratford home and enters the "on the heights" period of the last romantic plays.

Yet, before turning to these, a word must be said on the subject of *Hamlet,* "which has given the name of Denmark a world-wide renown;" and this is naturally a sympathetic theme for a Danish scholar to treat. Over fifty pages of the

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second volume are devoted to the play. It is difficult to be original on *Hamlet*, but in one or two instances the author might have been more liberal in stating whether he has been anticipated in the views he is giving. There is a certain scantiness throughout in this matter. With reference to the popularity of *Hamlet*, it may not be uninteresting to learn that within three years after the presumed date of publication, the play was "so dear to English sailors that they could act it for their own amusement at a moment's notice, and a quotation from a ship's log, dated September, 1607, proves this fact." In regard to the children of Macbeth the reviewer must believe that Macbeth had no children of his own, and that the allusions in the play are after all due to Shakespeare's lingering recollection of the former marriage of the historical Lady Macbeth.

The closing chapters, with Shakespeare back at home in Stratford, are not written without imagination, and all the work, in fact, has decidedly a literary touch. Shakespeare's death from fever was probably not due to the merry drinking bout which gossiping tongues have so often repeated; it was caused rather by the bad drainage of his native town: "Several circumstances tend to prove that the poet was attacked by typhus fever. Stratford, with its low damp situation and its filthy roads, was a regular typhus trap in those days."

In conclusion, the author once more emphasises how much one may learn of a man who has left forty-five important works behind him and how much of that is to be learned from the works themselves:

"The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in London in her reign and in that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

A. V. Williams Jackson.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. PEARY.*

Whosoever turns his eyes toward the polar zones—and the great sale of Arctic narratives shows how numerous are the observers of the Northern Sphinx—owes a debt of gratitude to Robert E. Peary, C.E., U.S.N. For Mr. Peary has done at least as much as any living explorer to reveal the Arctic regions to the civilised world. And in particular the country he has chosen to investigate is pre-eminently attractive, both to scientific men and general readers. Greenland, the scene of his explorations is still in the glacial epoch, and the conditions of the ice-cap that rises above the whole island, in a measure similar to those which existed upon this continent when half its surface was a glacier, are absorbing to students of nature's mysteries. Moreover, to every one interested in the human creature, whether scientifically or emotionally, Greenland is fascinating because it supports the most primitive of known races; a tribe of two hundred and fifty persons, just proceeding from the age of bone implements into the age of iron.

Mr. Peary has made himself an authority upon the "inland ice" and upon the Eskimos, but his achievements comprise more than this. He has altered, corrected and enlarged the map of Greenland—a new chart based upon his surveys has been issued—he has taken an extraordinary series of meteorological observations, and now to the general reader he has given one of those stories of man's grit amid terrible adversities which infuse some of their strength into the weakest soul. If Arctic explorers had accomplished no other benefit to mankind the inspiration that comes of reading their narratives would have justified their enterprises.

Mr. Peary's adventures are widely known, but his aims have been widely misinterpreted. There is a general im-

*Northward Over the "Great Ice." A narrative of life and work along the shores and upon the interior ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the years 1886 and 1891-1897. With a description of the little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos, the most northerly human beings in the world, and an account of the discovery and bringing home of the "saviksue" or great Cape York meteorites. By Robert E. Peary, Civil Engineer, U. S. N. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $6.50 net.

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pression that every Arctic explorer is bent upon reaching the North Pole, and, because he returns without accomplishing that, he has to endure the taunt of failure. As a matter of fact, upon his first important expedition, of '91-'92, Mr. Peary had no thought of pushing to the Pole. His object, outlined five years before he started and accomplished in every detail, was, by a sledge journey, to reach the northern end of the ice-cap. Incidentally he ascertained that Greenland, cut across by a strait near the eighty-second parallel, is an island; a discovery which had an important bearing upon scientific theories that can hardly be discussed here. Moreover he attained the most northern point upon the east coast of Greenland ever seen by a white man, discovered a fine bay and demonstrated that two men may return, after making a twelve-hundred-mile sledge journey over a trackless snow desert, safe and healthy. The success of this expedition was a powerful stimulus in the present revival of Arctic interest.

In his second expedition, lasting from 1893 to 1895, Mr. Peary failed; but to discover the Pole was only an incident in his plans. His aim was to explore the islands that he had seen north of Independence Bay. He failed, but in failing he gave to the world an example of courage and energy that almost compensated for the loss of the information that his success would have won.

Mr. Peary is intensely self-reliant, intensely energetic, intensely self-conscious. In his presence you feel the emanation of his will, almost as if it were a physical force. It is one of his habits to pause for an instant and to draw a full breath before he answers a tough question. In the interval he has the effect of turning all his powers upon the matter. "Here is a man," you feel, "who is eager to grapple with emergencies."

You have a similar impression in reading his book. It is a record of work and pluck.

In the fall of 1891 he reached his headquarters with a broken leg, but he took no account of that, believing that the fracture would heal during the winter, and it did. Before he set forth upon his sledge journey over the unknown snow-wastes, he explored Inglefield Gulf, and after his return from his great journey he tirelessly turned again to the Gulf to complete his investigations. In 1894, after the return from the disheartening failure to cross the ice-cap—in a storm most of his party were disabled by frost-bites, and his dog team were weakened by the *piblokto* disease—he set off once more to Cape York, where he discovered the famous meteorites, which almost every traveller in the Smith Sound region since the days of Ross, in 1818, had vainly hoped to find. In that summer, when most of his party, dissatisfied, because of certain dissensions that had arisen in the camp, returned to America, he persuaded two men to remain with him, attempted once more to explore the islands north of Greenland, and turned back only for lack of proper equipment. This was one of the most daring among all the bold feats of Arctic travellers, and Mr. Peary's description of it will endure among the thrilling passages in Arctic history. Nansen's journey over the ice-pack was a bold undertaking, and the leader's serene courage in tugging away at the sledge when his back was aching with lumbago and his weary legs almost refused to carry him has rightly sent a thrill of admiration to many hearts. But Nansen was well equipped with food. Mr. Peary set forth heavily handicapped for lack of proper meat. The importance of having pemmican upon an Arctic sledge journey is hardly striking to one not versed in methods of travel in the far North. But a moment of thought will will make clear to any one that in a region where every ounce of provisions must be hauled upon a sledge it is of the greatest moment that the meat shall be light, nourishing and compact. Pemmican fulfills these requirements, but Mr. Peary's supply was lost in the winter snows, and in the spring he had only walrus meat, heavier to haul and less nourishing to eat. Nevertheless he did not hesitate to set forth upon his journey of twelve hundred miles and he actually crossed the ice-cap to Independence Bay. There, however, he found himself compelled to return, with exactly enough food to last during the journey home, and none left for unforeseen delays.

One by one the dogs gave out, and the exhausted men had to haul at the draw-strings of the sledges. Presently dog-food failed. "Then," says Mr. Peary, "it

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was dog eat dog and finally—well, dog meat does not taste badly, in fact it has little or no taste, but it is frightfully tough." At last with every mouthful of food gone the three explorers staggered into their Arctic hut at Bowdoin Bay. The only surviving dog dragged himself after them. "When he came in," says the leader, "I fed him with my own hands, before I had eaten anything myself."

It is not easy for one living comfortably in the land of steam heat and Chicago dressed beef to discriminate among the hardships endured by Arctic travelers. The conditions in the far north are incomprehensible to most of us, and a dramatic description may cause what is, in the polar zone, a minor discomfort to seem a severe infliction. But the plain facts show the peril of this journey. Here is Mr. Peary's description of one condition upon the ice-cap:

"The wind is more quiescent on the 'Great Ice.' Day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out it is sweeping down, sometimes with greater sometimes with less velocity from the frozen heart of the 'Great Ice,' bearing with it a burden of snow, and following the most direct slope to the land, which once reached it goes rushing over the mountain summits, some of it sinking in whirlpools and eddies into the valleys, but much of it being carried on to the coast cliffs over which it goes swirling into the sea or onto the sea ice. During gentle breezes this drift is of almost impalpable fineness, and extends but a foot or two above the surface. As the wind increases in force, the particles of snow become coarser and the depth of the current of flying snow increases until, in the savage blizzards of the frozen Sahara this drift becomes a roaring, hissing, blinding Niagara of snow, rising hundreds of feet into the air; a drift which almost instantly buries any quiescent object, and in which it is almost impossible for the traveller to breathe. The drifting snow is as penetrating as water. When the depth of the drift is not in excess of the height of the knee, its surface is as tangible, and almost as sharply defined, as that of a sheet of water, and its incessant, dizzy rush and strident sibilation become, when long continued, as maddening as the drop, drop, drop of water on the victim's head in the old torture rooms."

Nevertheless, safe in his hut after his journey, the leader "felt that even were the ship here" he "could not go on board and say I had failed. It would be preferable to remain where I was. At times I even hoped that the ship would not come, so that I might make another attempt next spring. I planned how we could pass the winter living with the natives entirely upon walrus and seal."

Mr. Peary has set forth his experiences in workaday style, clear and forceful, and although ordinarily not elegant, still usually picturesque. The atmosphere of the story is what you would expect of the man; it is a record of deeds rather than thoughts. It lacks such bits of philosophising as those which made poetic the works of Nansen and in a lesser degree the books of Kane and Hayes. Perhaps, however, this is partly because Mr. Peary has departed from the custom of Arctic story tellers who have chiefly used their journals as the basis of their narratives. Mr. Peary has written his book in the past tense—a style which does not lend itself as gracefully to philosophising as does the day-to-day method.

Mr. Peary is given to drawing similes and although he has overwrought some, and confused others, nevertheless, often he hits upon a striking figure. The bare stones of the new land beyond the ice-cap suggest to him "the bones of a dead world;" Nalegaksoah, his best dog, has "jaws like the grip of fate;" the explorers are "terribly sleep-hungry." He takes the Arctic regions dramatically; he seems ever conscious that he is in an awful land and that what he and his companions are doing is altogether out of the common:

"It was a sublime spectacle to see that company of thirteen men, a dozen sledges and over ninety dogs, climbing the alabaster slopes of the infinite ice-cap, their destination the frozen fastnesses of the earth. Never before had such a sight been seen on the great desolate ice; never, I thought to myself would the scene be repeated."

The terrors of the night impress him mightily:

"The Arctic world, stern and savage and desolate enough, even in the dazzling summer sunlight, changes in the Cimmerian grasp of the Great Night to an inferno of universal death, eternal silence, deadly cold and crushing darkness beyond all conception of the liveliest imagination."

Particularly enthusiastic is he over his dogs and the Eskimos. Anecdotes of the natives lighten many pages of his book, and he has devoted a chapter to a sketch of their characteristics. Honest they are, loyal and much soiled; people with no religion except a collection of superstitions; people with no particular respect for the marriage tie; but sane, wholesome

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companions. Mr. Peary supports the theory, in opposition to distinguished ethnologists, that they are not of American origin, but came from Asia, via Alaska, and so across Robeson Channel to Greenland. He has included in this report a census of the tribe, which is valuable in the determination of the vexed question whether the little clan of the most northern people in the world is increasing or decreasing. But he has unaccountably omitted a vocabulary.

In his introduction he has pointed out —doubtless in reply to the charges brought against him of using his fame to make a fortune—that every cent of his earnings as a lecturer has been expended in fitting out his expeditions. It is right and natural that he should thus defend himself, but it was surely not magnanimous in him to include in his book so many sneers at the members of his party in '93. Mr. Peary would have appeared in a nobler light if he had permitted the past to rest quiet—particularly as no doubt exists that there were causes on both sides for the disagreements between himself and his men. It is unfortunate that this book which will stand, with its fine photographs (the most complete and interesting series included in any Arctic work), its beautiful descriptions of scenery and its narrative, at all times interesting and often thrilling, among the best of the Arctic classics, should be marred by a display of petty feeling.

Albert White Vorse.

THE PLEASANTRIES OF AN UNPLEASANT MAN.*

When the summum of our acquaintance with an English man of letters, who has written prolifically, is represented by two plays seen on the extensive tour of a popular actor, and by his dramatic essays in the London *Saturday Review*, which are read almost exclusively by chroniclers in search of novelties in pert and witty expression, it is fair to assume that the publication of seven of his plays is his introduction to our reading public.

This is the interesting offering of Bernard Shaw in two volumes containing plays which he styles *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant.* He writes in a persistently querulous mood, which is infectious in discussing him and his work. There is a quarrel at once with his assumption that anyone will take his Julia of "The Philanderer" so seriously as to consider this otherwise enjoyable satirical comedy as anything else than pleasurably amusing, or that the problem in "Candida" or the hypothesis dwelt upon in "You Never Can Tell" are not necessarily unpleasant. There is no need of an index of classification to the nastiness of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the bitter truths of "Widowers' Houses." "Arms and the Man" is amusingly iconoclastic, with Mr. Shaw's notion of conventional heroism as his target, and "The Man of Destiny," more nearly than any other piece of the seven, fulfills the function of a play, in exhibiting an original complication worked out with efficiency so surprising and engrossing as to carry the audience completely out of self-consciousness into absolute abandonment to the story and the characters.

If emancipation is really the spirit of this age, then Bernard Shaw's writings are the incarnation of this spirit. In other instances emancipation has been gradual and persuasive. Shaw is impudent, aggressive and blunt. He startles with his alleged literalness, and his truisms miss fire while we are recovering from the shock. No truth is too repulsive for him to tell, for he considers the exposure of brazen, brutal fact as paramount and independent of any suffering it may inflict, and of however little or no good it may effect.

The natural target of such a temperament is not merely idealism and romance; but, equally, sentiment. It is sufficient for him that a condition exists to inspire his contempt. It is much more than socialism with him. It is the wail of a philosopher who is at one extreme of a congested problem. If he look upon all the rest of the world as bilious, he will pardon the liberty taken in attributing his jaundiced presentations as the spleen of his own bile.

He slashes about with his scalpel, exposing the contrariety of conditions and the paradoxes of our commonplaces; but, when he has firmly established his cleverness as an analyst and has inspired some expectation that one who proposes a

*Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. 2 vols. $2.50.

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problem so cleverly will put forth an equally clever answer, he resolutely refrains from any commitment. If matters were satisfactorily arranged, he would no longer be put to the inconvenience of keeping a bank account. Besides, his topics are not of a nature to be submitted to the seal of direct and general settlement. Each man's conscience, character and environment coalesce in a different reply for each one. In a word, Mr. Shaw gives us something to think about and the process of presentation is alert and witty.

He hits wide of the mark as a convincing disputant. He does not always come even within the inner circle as a dramatist, for until the efficacy of the new methods are firmly established he must consent to be judged by the old. It is, however, as wit, wag or humorist, whatever you choose to call his rare capacity for surprise and refreshing diversion, that he hits the bull's-eye.

In dramas such as Mr. Shaw's, which are supposed to point a moral rather than adorn a tale, it is quite necessary that the characters should be representative of a sufficient class to constitute a type, else they depreciate in value to mere exceptions which prove nothing except the rule of which they are the antithesis. His are propagandist dramas and one cannot therein take the exception as the text. That is why Julia Craven robs "The Philanderer" of its supposedly unpleasant quality. She is so extremely irrational and exceptional that the author's point is blunted of any trenchant sting and the situations take on a farcical aspect which comports with some of the collateral themes and establishes the only possibility of thematic symmetry.

Indeed, this play of "The Philanderer," better than any of the others, shows how little of a dramatist and how much of almost everything else that is clever Mr. Shaw is. In the preface he defines this play as something which it certainly does not appear to be in the reading. Instead of standing as a rebuke to the marriage laws it is simply the elaborated tantrum of a fiercely jealous and strangely unaccountable woman. The digressions are compounded of facile satire of Ibsenism, vivisectionists, women and things that are "new." The play has coherency up to a certain point, but that point comes so early as in the beginning of the second act. This is artfully concealed under active batteries of most approved Shawesque humour through the two subsequent acts. The mask is off in the fourth. The Philanderer's imperturbability and the jealous woman's tantrums are prolix and flat, and the humour wanes. They might have come pages before and, on the other hand, the author's repetitional facility might have extended the farcical theme indefinitely up to the prefinal standard.

The New Woman, as she is found in real life, is not a wholly unsympathetic or irrational creature. Mr. Shaw's women are terrors. Standing in the midst of Mr. Shaw's circle with his Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Clandon, Louka, Eugene Marchbanks, Julia Craven, and Frank Gardner, who can but sympathise with a man whose life has been embittered with companionships which suggest these as his types? These are the reflection of his "normal vision." Abnormal vision would not have been such a curse. He affects candour, yet he takes good care that it shall show him off to the best possible advantage.

Bernard Shaw is a necessity. He is one of those destined to lead us as far as possible away from regard for the beauty and heroism of life. He is the logical creation of an appetite sated with sweets. When the estrangement of the world from idealism is completed, when the retrogressive movement has spent itself, then there will be the renaissance of all that has been made to recede into the distance.

But for Mr. Shaw's sake, for the publisher's sake, and for the reader's sake, if you can put scruple in the background as they have, buy the plays and read them. The price is nominal for the entertainment derived. After all, it's the price that Mr. Shaw wants, and it's the entertainment the reader is seeking. On these terms there is a splendid bargain in this exchange. In addition after an acquaintance with Mr. Shaw's unpleasantries, one feels better satisfied with the petty and cheerful fictions of life's little sentiments, and if there be those who have not experienced these then the tirade will afford them compensating comfort.

Paul Wilstach.

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THREE "PUNCH" DRAUGHTSMEN.*

The present generation knows little of John Leech, once the famous draughtsman whose weekly budget of skits on the follies and the foibles of English happenings, were looked for eagerly by the readers of the *London Punch*. The average Englishman takes his *Punch* just as he accepts other long-established usages,—as a matter of course. It is really a part of the British Constitution and as necessary as Cockle's pills, the Lord Mayor's show, ham and eggs for breakfast, or any other peculiarly English institution. There was a time when Mr. Leech's name was on everyone's tongue, and "Have you seen Leech's such and such a drawing?" was the regular question at social gatherings, or on 'change where men do meet. Now, when a person of the present day comes across a bound volume of *Punch* of thirty years ago, and sees the quaint illustrations of society people, or the many types of London life, the costumes are out of date, the jests are only mildly flavoured and seem simple, and there is not the same contemporaneous interest to them that there was for the parents of the reader.

The late Mr. Du Maurier was the successor of the man whose signature, "J. L.," was a household delight, and while from the present volume, he seems to have known little of the man personally, he talks of him and of his drawings in a mildly pleasant way, as one who would make as much out of the little material available as he possibly could. In truth, the book seems a little padded, and so meagre are the details of Leech's life in possession of the author, that he fills in the chinks with a running comment on the personages Leech was wont to draw, and conveniently skips any account of the talk, the notions, and the views of Leech on politics, national events and humor; and yet from the many things that must of necessity have happened in a long stay on *Punch's* staff, John Leech ought to have been and probably was, a highly interesting personality. His talk at the weekly editorial dinners must have been delightful, and he could hardly fail to have had original ideas on things in general. Still, there is little here that could not have been written by any reviewer of the present day who was tolerably familiar with the files of *Punch*.

The principal facts we learn from Mr. Du Maurier's account of Leech, are that he died at the age of forty-six and that at his funeral there were present such men as Charles Dickens, Canon Hole and John Millais, the painter, who burst into tears as the coffin was lowered into the grave. Leech tried to paint pictures in oil, of serious subjects, and failed ignominiously; indeed, there was one of his attempts shown in New York last winter and a gloomy performance it was. But the tale is not new, for the comedian is ever ambitious to try serious parts and is constantly regretting the fate that turned his unwilling feet into the path of humor. Mr. Du Maurier says of Leech that:

> "He was John Bull himself, but John Bull refined and civilized—John Bull polite, modest, gentle—full of self-respect and self-restraint, and with all the bully softened out of him; manly first and gentlemanly afterward, but very soon after—before everything else, he has his story to tell and it must either make you laugh or lightly charm you—and he tells it in the quickest, simplest, downrightest pencil strokes, although it is often a complicated story."

The author met Keene while recovering from a long and distressing ailment of his sight, and while thus suffering Keene and he used to trot about London together, talking shop, walking as only Englishmen can walk, dining at cheap restaurants, and going the way of most young artists, full of plans for the future and imagining that the world revolves around a palette. Keene remained unconventional all his life and the ways of Bohemia were evidently good enough for him, though Du Maurier became a respectable *père de famlle* and visited the outskirts of Prague only, keeping one foot in May Fair. But Keene had no such foolish fashionable notions and remained to the end almost eccentric as to clothes, hats, gloves and such, smoking his pipe on the tops of omnibuses, laying his own fires and cooking thereon his mutton chops. He also sang and played (horrible thought) on the bagpipes! On this latter most painful topic Mr. Du Maurier happily, does not dwell long. Keene had

*Social Pictorial Satire. Reminiscences and Appreciation of English Illustrators of the Past Generation. By George Du Maurier. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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no thought but for his art and he was forever, the author tells us, sketching in pen and ink, wearing a little bottle of the latter on his button and going about with his waistcoat pocket stuffed with pens. He drew everything that came his way, from horses to folks, and from streets to mountains, and his facility became in time phenomenal. Mr. Du Maurier says that:

"In absolute craftsmanship and technical skill, in the ease and beauty of his line, his knowledge of effect, his complete mastery over the material means at his disposal, Charles Keene seems to me as superior to Leech as Leech is to him in grace, in human naturalness, and geniality of humor, in accurate observation of life, in keenness of social perception, and especially in width of range."

The author speaks of himself with becoming modesty and he is frank almost to the point of naïveté about his work; for the thing he admired in Keene—the Academic—he did not in the least possess and he made sad havoc with proportions, form, and relations, at times. "If there had been no Charles Keene," says Du Maurier, "I might have been a funny man myself—though I do not suppose that my fun would have ever been of the broadest . . . the people I meet seem to me more interesting than funny—so interesting that I am content to draw them as I see them, after just a little arrangement and a very transparent disguise—and without any attempt at caricature. The better looking they are, the more my pencil loves them and I feel more inclined to exaggerate in this direction, than in any other." On the mantlepiece of the author's studio, there stood for thirty years an image whom he loved dearly, and she was his model, his highest ambition in the matter of form and beauty. The world calls her "the Venus of Milo." She was his ideal, truly a high one, but she is not always recognisable as the source of his inspiration, as one follows his work in the pages of *Punch*, or in the remarkable illustrations to his ever popular *Trilby*. *Social Pictorial Satire* has three portraits of the three *Punch* draughtsmen, and numerous drawings, but unfortunately there are no lines underneath these last, to tell the names of their authors, and though the style is nearly always recognisable, one or two of the pictures might have been by either of the trio. *Arthur Hoeber.*

HASSAN: A FELLAH.*

In Palestine a *fellah* is a peasant; an *ain* is a well; a *kulleh* is a water-jar; *naharak-saïd* means good-morning; *maes-salaameh* is farewell; *abaï* is a coat of many colours, such as Joseph wore as a token of his being heir to the title of Sheik which Father Abraham had borne before him; a *tarboosh* is a turban. Palestine is, like Mexico, a Land of To-morrow. *Boukra* there translates the Spanish *mañana*. Time is a commodity of which the beggars have even less than the officials. Leaving the opalescent Mediterranean, one is in a few hours transported back into Biblical times. Centuries have vanished. As Mr. Gillman says: "It is the Bible alive." Mr. Gillman has the immense advantage of being not a mere desultory pilgrim to these holy places; he has lived there and he mingles in his figments the essential oil of knowledge. That is manifest in every picture that he paints. One may detect the hand of the amateur in some of the technical details—why should he speak of the *rendition* of an opera, as if music were lard?—but his work is on the whole so vivid, so vital, so picturesque, so evidently true that the occasional slips are of little consequence.

The hero of the story is a Syrian peasant. The author has a Greek love for the nude and he paints the portrait of this superb fellow—or *fellah*, to use the more dignified and Arabic term—in Hellenic and plastic realism:

Unusually noble stature . . . handsome after his kind as he well could be. . . . The single scanty garment of the country, of coarse white cotton, clung here and there to him, barely saving him from the divine nudity of a Greek statue. On the right side the polished round of the shoulder protruded; and from there downward, over the well-turned flank and thigh, to the tip of the toe, the full sweep of his contour was absolutely beyond criticism . . . raven black hair . . . dark hazel eyes. The fresh breeze, rushing through the valley and up the slopes, no respecter of persons, and no aider and abettor of prudery, at each gust lightly swept aside his loosely-hanging raiment, more fully revealing his perfect form. He had thrust his feet into his sandal-like slippers, as a protection from the sharp stones. How large and lustrous his eyes looked! How bright the red of his full lips beneath his dark mustache! His crispy, almost wiry hair, a characteristic of the people, was now concealed beneath his

*Hassan: a Fellah. A Romance of Palestine. By Henry Gillman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

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tarboosh, all but a luxuriantly defiant tuft which ravishingly protruded in front. An unusual glow lighted and warmed his olive cheek.

This son of Anak—yes, literally, in spite of Scripture—belongs to the village of Bettir. And he is in love with the beautiful Hilwe, of the village of Malha. Between the two villages there is a *thar*, or blood feud, going back to such an antiquity that its cause is quite forgotten. So when Hassan, like another youthful David, kills a leopard that had been devastating the flocks of Malha, and takes the pelt as a gift to the Sheik, hoping thus to overcome the prejudice and win the girl for his wife, his gift is returned and he is driven away with insults and even with stones and bullets. Nevertheless he and the fair Hilwe continue to meet and the marriage is celebrated in a manner possibly imitated from the royal nuptials of Dido and Æneas. Hilwe goes to Jerusalem to sell flowers and there attracts the attention of a dissolute young *Aga*, or captain of zaptiehs. He discovers Hassan's attachment for her and when the hostilities break out in Crete, he manages to have the Syrian giant and his friend Challîl, son of the Sheik, conscripted. The description of the cruel arrest and punishment of Hassan is perhaps the most powerful episode in the book, unless it be the chase and rescue of Hilwe, who when her child is born becomes an outcast and is doomed by her brutal relatives to the terrible death of burial alive. The recital of the poor girl's woes until she is rescued by an Italian Count aided by an American crank named Crosslet, is certainly a triumph of realism. Even here Mr. Gillman does not forget to be Oriental, and he shows us the Madonna-like girl-mother "baring the soft hemisphere of her argent breast" to nurse her beauteous boy. But Hassan performs prodigies of valor when once he gets into the current of the Cretan war, and he wins promotion and returns to find his beloved safe in the shelter of his own little home under the honourable protection of the Sheik of his native town. Then the legal sanction of their nature-marriage is celebrated and all ends happily.

Such is the main story. But with this strand is woven another, the hero of which is a Neapolitan Count, Leone Spollato, the heir, on his father's side, of noble Italian ancestry, and on his mother's, of a Hebrew family who could trace their ancestry by undoubted documents back to the days of the kings of Israel. He goes to Jerusalem to visit his old uncle, Jacobini, who, possessed of boundless wealth, lives in Oriental splendour almost on the site of his ancestral home. A really exquisite scene is where the patriarchal old Jew tells his nephew the ineffable name. It might inspire a painter.

Leone has a wily Syrian servant put at his service and through him enters into relations with one of Hilwe's friends, the beautiful Amne, who is tempted by his splendor and beauty and falls a willing victim. But while he is away on an excursion with the beautiful American girl, Augusta Warren, another Daisy Miller, —all Mr. Gillman's women are beautiful except Kadra, the old hag who, from being a blackmailer of unexampled ugliness, is converted into an angel of mercy, all through the gift of a fat sheep—Amne is abducted by the men of Malha and stoned to death. It is to Count Leone that Hassan sells his Arab steed, El Borak, reputed the descendant of the mythical creature whereon Mohammed made his journey to heaven—sells him, not through love of filthy lucre, but as a means of restoring his village, ruined by a cloudburst; and El Borak is the means whereby poor Hilwe, when at the very door of cruel death, is rescued. Thus the Arab steed is one of the important characters of the story; and it is only a joy to know that when Count Leone is about to leave Palestine with his now deceased uncle's wealth to restore the prestige of the family name, he gives El Borak back to Hassan.

These few hints will suffice to show that this is no ordinary romance. It is full of passion and life; it will appeal to Bible students because it throws light on many interesting Scriptural customs; but even the blasé reader of fiction will not soon forget the character of Hassan, that son of Nature, who in spite of his Mohammedan training (though veneered with schooling at the hands of American missionaries), appeals to our deeper sympathies by reason of his inherent nobility, his Oriental poesy, his simplicity. *Hassan: a Fellah* is a novel sure to make its mark. *Nathan Haskell Dole.*

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MR. CHAPMAN AS AN ESSAYIST.*

No fallacy is commoner among critics than that the public is hungering to know precisely what they think of a book or an author. Opinions, like other printed matter, pass muster according to the degree of their inherent interest. It was reserved for Mr. Chapman, as perhaps the first exponent in American literature of what may be termed the flatly critical method, to confirm me beyond recall in this belief. We have had flat criticism time and again in reviews, its readableness usually depending on the reviewers' ultimate resort to hammer and tongs. And in collected essays nearly every conceivable manner has been exemplified, from Colonel Higginson's cheerful array of anecdotes to Professor Peck's oratorical, warmly human expositions, and Mr. Hapgood's neatly coherent psychology. No one of these writers has been exempt from the charm of personal prejudice, or has sacrificed so much colour and convincingness to the maintenance of an inflexible judicial tone as has Mr. Chapman.

The latter's prejudices are theoretical and vital, rather than literary or personal. Being himself of a practical and conformist turn of mind, even dropping into politics and bearing without shirk or fanfare the other responsibilities incidental to citizenship, he naturally conceives Emerson's chief interests also to have been practical, and imagines that with a slightly different education the Concord sage might have thrown his teaching into the form of historical essays or of stump speeches. Disliking tramps, Mr. Chapman can only animadvert on Whitman, because he gave utterance to the soul of a tramp. Stevenson is unpalatable to him in that he studied effects and was an extraordinary mimic both in style and the adaptation of others' plots. One gets at the root of the matter in Mr. Chapman's expressed conviction that "good things in art have been done by men whose entire attention was absorbed in an attempt to tell the truth"; that the only object really worthy of enthusiasm is character; that Emerson cared nothing for belles lettres, and *therefore* stood above his age like a colossus; yet he was a great artist, we are informed, and again, not a cosmopolitan, but a patriot.

It was foreordained that any literary criticism starting from such premises must end in confusion. With so truncated an appreciation of life, and so one-sided a view of art, it is small wonder that a close scrutiny of literary processes had led Mr. Chapman to undervalue literary results. Wanting sympathy with Whitman and Stevenson as men, he has found altogether too little difficulty in objectifying them. What would be greatly to the credit of many another essayist, as indicating a reverent desire to keep at sufficient distance from his subject to do him no injustice, is a distinct weakness with Mr. Chapman. His tilt is conducted with a self-persuaded and unpersuading manner which shows the peril of a total disregard of effects. Surely there is some way of inducing the reader to love *The Child's Garden of Verses* besides assuring him that it is "a work of the greatest value"—that in the matter of childhood Stevenson is "an authority." And is any one convinced by the mere statement that Emerson's poetry is "a successful spiritual deliverance of great interest?" It is likewise safe to surmise that no one but Mr. Chapman knows what he meant when he wrote that Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is the high-water mark of the attempt to do the impossible, and that Browning is less bitter than Christianity itself.

But it is in generalisation, nevertheless, that Mr. Chapman excels. Nor is he unaware of the partial truths which it inevitably conveys. He somewhere says that the reader will make proper allowance for one's failure in so large an undertaking to be accurate. Then he hazards the judgment that Angelo's was the most extraordinary nature of modern times, or that poetry as a profession is impossible, or that the English mind is incapable of criticism. Assuming that Mr. Chapman is above mere smartness, it seems to me that this is a very clever way of disclaiming responsibility for one's utterances. How is the reader going to "allow" for these sudden tacks to the windward?

Yet a happy congeniality with Emerson and a praiseworthy endeavour to be

*Emerson and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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en rapport with Browning have given two of the essays a fibre and soundness. That on Emerson has a plucky superiority to the undiscriminating adulation which threatened to debar him from his true place and just reward. The popular disposition to regard Emerson as primarily a thinker rather than a delightfully inconsistent philosopher of the Ben Franklin type, his imperviousness to the conception of growth and development so characteristic of our own day, his want of the historic sense which Mr. Chapman himself conspicuously possesses, his disdain of association because of the surrender of individuality involved in it, his all-pervasive asceticism and common sense are points which have been charily dealt with hitherto, and, being supported by generaous citations and a background of biographical facts, they are suggestive and forceful. The Browning essay is more conventional, but leaves an impression of reality. The papers about Michael Angelo's sonnets and the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, a translation of the latter reproducing with rare skill, if with no pronounced poetic melody, the *terz a rima* of the original, have what Milton called "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." "A Study of Romeo" is a fine bit of criticism. Here, again, Mr. Chapman's common sense disturbs the illusion. Such pure passion, such unreasonable giving way, he says, is not easily forgiven in a man. Juliet caught Romeo's heart on the rebound from Rosaline, and this, it is hinted, is the only psychological explanation of love at first sight!

But considering the volume as a whole, one cannot resist the conclusion that there is something amounting to wrong-headedness in Mr. Chapman's fixed point of view. He reviews the world like a search-light, one cannot tell from what tower. For my part, I much prefer a friendly house-to-house visitation by candlelight, but that is immaterial. I cannot understand a writer who lauds Emerson's knowledge of the world, yet says that art, music, love were mere names to him; who denominates him a practised and consummate artist in language and elocution, yet pictures his "painful" self-immolation as a political debater; who asserts that Whitman was himself unconscious of what he was, and on the next page calls him a *poseur*, a mountebank, and an ego-maniac; whose findings are (p. 229) that *Kidnapped* is a romantic fragment whose original is to be found in the Scotch scenes of the Waverley Novels, and (p. 234) that the same story is among the three which can hardly be classed as imitations; and who would dub Mr. Bernard Shaw a coxcomb for attempting to "size up" Shakespeare, and yet grants in all candour that so long as there is any subject which men may not freely discuss, they are timid upon all subjects.

If Mr. Chapman's discriminations often result in contradiction, it is probably because he has generalised on too slender a basis of concrete fact. In effect such generalisation is a good deal like a series of unrelated impressions. Now when it comes to a general idea an impression is deadly dull. That editors and essayists have not always the sense of humour to perceive the futility of this kind of impressionism is a source of constant and harassing amazement to me. It is never entertaining, never picturesque, and proves nothing. Messrs. Lang and Gosse have discreetly avoided it, and naturally every one clamours for a slice from their joint. Cannot some critic on this side of the ocean interpret great authors aright with his feet firmly on the earth? Whoever consecrates himself to this task will find that the modicum of scientific generalisation and *Tendenz*-discernment he can acquire in a lifetime may very conveniently be tucked away in the corners of a life or a book-review.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE NEW "THACKERAY."*

Douglas Jerrold's well-known remark, "I have known Thackeray for eighteen years, and don't know him yet," very fairly represents the feeling of Thackeray students still. Thackeray was not an easy man to know. He was frank, but he was also acutely sensitive. His impulse was to talk openly about himself and his concerns, but every now and then self-consciousness would rush in upon

*Biographical Edition of the Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Vols. 1 and 2. Vanity Fair and Pendennis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per volume.

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him and stiffen his manner into hauteur. Naturally people did not know what to make of him. It was trying to be received at one time with the most engaging frankness, and at another coldly repulsed with a mere formal recognition. Yet kindliness was the one thing that never failed in Thackeray. It seems rather as if at times he had got a sudden glimpse of himself as different from other men, and, too modest to recognize the difference as in his favour, had become suddenly ashamed of his own lovableness.

If it had been possible to publish a complete and satisfactory biography immediately after his death—a biography that would have truly represented the man as he was, the generation that has passed since 1863 might have learned to know him better than Douglas Jerrold or almost any other of the contemporaries could have done. But such biographies are rare—probably there are only two in our language—and a biography which does not give a true picture of its subject is a good many degrees worse than none. Therefore Thackeray's desire that no memoir of him should be written had a good deal of reason on its side, or would have had if it had not been impossible to make such an injunction practically effective. His daughter loyally observed his wishes, but that simply meant that the only authoritative source of information was stopped. It did not prevent the appearance of a crop of irresponsible and incorrect anecdotes and reminiscences. It has seemed, indeed, as if the only way to learn anything at all about Thackeray were to read as much as possible of what he wrote himself and as little as possible of what other people have written about him.

At last, however, lovers of Thackeray are to be gratified, not with an "authorised life," but with something infinitely better. For it is the novelist we want to know, the man who speaks to us in *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and the rest, and we are interested in his life chiefly, if not solely, in so far as it touches his works. That, we admit, in every earnest writer, is very far indeed. In her new Biographical edition Mrs. Richmond Ritchie gives us precisely what we want. The volumes are a pleasure to hold and to handle. They are just what we like our ordinary every-day Thackeray to be. And prefixed to each of them we have all that we wish to know, or have any right to know, about the author himself; all the circumstances, letters, and drawings which bear upon the work.

Already the best of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's anecdotes and reminiscences have been quoted in a host of reviews. Already, we have no doubt, a score or so of enthusiastic pilgrims have taken train to Chiswick in search of the house where young Thackeray went to school, and where the learned Doctor read the Ten Commandments with such awe-inspiring unction that his "resounding tones reminded the people of Mount Sinai itself." A worthy brother to "the Semiramis of Hammersmith!"

If there is still anybody left who thinks Thackeray cynical (the opinion was tolerably universal for a time), these reminiscences, along with his own common sense, ought to prove the means of his conversion. They are full of gaiety and kindliness. His own phrase, "*Aimons nous bien*," contained his philosophy of life. And he learnt it young.

Vanity Fair, like many another masterpiece, had to wait some time for recognition. "The sale," Mrs. Ritchie tells us, "was so small that it was a question whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether." "Mrs. Perkins' Ball" gave it a start, and Mr. Hayward's notice in the *Edinburgh Review* helped it on. Still Thackeray himself said, "The book does everything but pay." He thought it undoubtedly his best work. "It has the best story, and, for another thing, the title is such a good one, you couldn't have a better." His own design for the title-page is a thing to be seen. not described, particularly the astonishing individual in the background, who stands on his head on the top of a pillar like St. Simeon Stylites in a sudden fit of frolics.

Thackeray's novels with this kind of pleasant *causerie* prefixed are something to look forward to. We are glad there are only two volumes published. That means that there are eleven still to come —a year's enjoyment in anticipation. "The entire edition," says the advertisement, "will be completed on April 15, 1899." Well, we shall feel rather sorry

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on April 15, 1899, though our bookshelves will be all the richer. Perhaps we shall have biographical editions of some of the other great novelists. But there is only one Thackeray.

MR. MURRAY'S "BYRON."*

The appearance of two such editions of Byron's works as the one before us (imported by the Messrs. Scribner) and that begun by Mr. Henley is a sufficient proof of the abiding interest felt in the author, and of the permanence of the place accorded to him in English poetry. The decline of his reputation, so much lamented by his admirers, although unquestionably a fact, has always appeared to us considerably exaggerated. It is not so much positive as comparative. It is of course impossible that Byron should ever again appear as the chief poetical representative of his age. To the apprehension of his contemporaries he actually did sustain that character, nor, judging, as they inevitably must, solely by what was apparent to themselves, can they be held to have been mistaken. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats scarcely existed for the men of the Byronic period; they were compelled, as one of them said, to create the standard of taste by which alone they could be judged. In the absence of such a standard, the poets who alone admitted of comparison with Byron—Scott, Campbell, Moore—were so evidently his inferiors that he could but appear disproporionately great. The recognition of other claims has diminished his relative rank, but not his absolute desert. All his titles to distinction remain unimpaired, but he is no longer regarded as occupying the same relation to contemporary poets as Shakespeare holds toward contemporary dramatists. The decay of his influence as an intellectual force is, indeed, marked and undeniable, but does not indicate any corresponding decline in the general estimate of his genius. He is undoubtedly out of harmony with the controlling ideas of our time; but so was Dante out of harmony with the ideas of the Renaissance, without being one whit the less of a poet on that account. The degree of conformity with the dominant thought of any period is an infallible test of a writer's influence upon that period; it is no test at all of the extent and genuineness of his inspiration.

It is certainly true that Byron has throughout the Victorian period been the object of violent attacks; but in the majority of cases these can be shown to have emanated from the members of exclusive cliques and coteries, and we do not believe them to have reflected the general opinion of his countrymen. Take all that Sir Henry Taylor and Lewes and Thackeray and many another have said, give their censure all the weight which in many respects it undoubtedly deserves, and it will be found to be outweighed by the praise of Ruskin. Many of his admirers, unlike Ruskin, have undoubtedly injured his cause by exaggerated depreciation of other poets and other schools of criticism. If every one who thinks Wordsworth or Shelley a greater poet than Byron is to be set down as an enemy to Byron, Byron's fame is indeed in a precarious condition; but the conviction of their superiority in essentially poetical qualities, now nearly universal, is perfectly compatible with a very high estimate of Byron's genius. Macaulay's criticism, a monument of massive good sense, keeps Wordsworth and Shelley entirely out of sight, yet, so long as we look to Byron only, every word is acceptable. Matthew Arnold's memorial verses clearly indicate his preference for Wordsworth; yet Byron has rarely been extolled with more warmth, never with more discrimination. The notion that the exaltation of other poets must necessarily imply the abasement of Byron arises, we believe, in large measure from the fact that some of these poets had been, or conceived themselves to have been, ill-treated by him, and that their personal resentments communicated themselves to their first panegyrists, who were in many cases their intimate friends.

We feel, therefore, no doubt of the perfect justification for such editions of Byron as, by their elegance and the elaboration of editorial care devoted to them, indicate that he is still regarded as a classic, and one of the lords of English

*The Works of Lord Byron. A new revised and enlarged edition, with illustrations. "Poetry." Vol. I. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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song. Mr. Murray's edition, the only one with which we are at present concerned, amply asserts this character. One claim it unquestionably possesses above all rivals: with the peculiar resources at Mr. Murray's command, it must be the only edition absolutely complete. How far, nevertheless, the additions are valuable, remains to be ascertained. Mr. E. H. Coleridge, to whose editorial care the poetical part of the edition has been committed, arouses interest and expectation by promising fragments of an additional canto of "Don Juan," and of an additional part of "The Deformed Transformed." Whatever the strictly poetical merit of these increments, it will be highly interesting to learn, if the fragments suffice, in what manner Byron had proposed to have continued the poems. Trelawny tells us that an eruption of Stromboli was to have been introduced into the next canto of Don Juan; perhaps we shall discover how Juan was to have been brought there; possibly in the custody of Lucifer. The last canto that we at present possess leaves him very comfortably off in England. It cannot be said that the numerous minor poems printed for the first time in the first volume of this edition are of any merit, but the entire volume illustrates one of the misfortunes of voluminous poets, who can rarely put their best foot forward in collected editions. Editors do well in preserving the strictly chronological order, but the inevitable result is to thrust the worst troops into the front of the battle. Byron's vanguard is a very ragged regiment indeed; there is probably not one line of real poetry in Mr. Coleridge's first volume, although the second half of it is full of intellectual force. Yet "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and "The Curse of Minerva" are purely imitative; they show with what readiness the youth could catch up the style of Churchill, and many lines have become stock citations. Of poetry proper there is little or none, nor is it, perhaps, to Byron's discredit that his own feuds and grievances should have failed to awaken the inspiration which slumbered until aroused by the glories and the sublime or pathetic associations of foreign scenery. The steady progressiveness of his performance, from the beginning until very nearly the end of his career, is one of the finest and surest proofs of the reality of his genius.

Richard Garnett.

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*

Just as I was about to begin writing I heard a voice.

"Well, you've got a nerve to review a book like that," it said.

I looked up quickly, naturally feeling resentful. "Why shouldn't I review a book like this? Who are *you*, anyway, to tell me what I shall do and what I shan't do?"

I thought I detected a note of derision in the reply. "I am the Voice of the Great Reading Public."

"And I——"

But the Voice got ahead of me. "You represent 'the elect,'" it said sneeringly, "the special public, the dilettante. Now *The General Manager's Story* wasn't written for people like you. What you want is something literary, and there's nothing literary in that book on your desk."

"That's exactly what I was going to say," I cried triumphantly, referring of course to the last few words of his remark. "And that's what I like it for."

"You do?" the Voice said incredulously. And then it was impolite enough to add: "I don't believe you."

I ignored this remark. "And so perhaps I am quite as competent as you are to review the book."

"I don't review books," he replied decisively.

"Well, you do what is a good deal more effective. You express your opinion in most unmistakable terms."

"I can't say that about some of your critics," he remarked drily. Then curiosity seemed to get the better of his superior reserve, for he said coldly: "You remarked that you liked the book. Why do you like it?"

"In the first place, I like it because it's so human."

"Pish! What do you mean by that? I wish you critics would learn to speak English. If you don't look out, young man, in a few years you'll invent a language of your own and no one will

*The General Manager's Story. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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understand you, just as that freak, Henry James, has been doing lately."

I had some difficulty in restraining my resentment. But, in spite of myself, I was interested. "By saying that the book was human," I replied, trying to use the simplest and least hackneyed words, "I mean simply that it gave me the impression of being an honest, straightforward, and vivid record of a man's experience."

"That's better," the Voice said with satisfaction. "But do you consider that it is good just because it is a vivid record of a man's experience?"

"Yes," I replied, with a quiet consciousness of being right.

"I don't agree with you there." The Voice became decided. "In my opinion the experience of the ordinary man is deadly dull."

"But in Art," I ventured, forgetting myself for a moment. The Voice, however, got ahead of me again.

"There you are with your professional talk! You think that anything that's literary is good, just because it's literary. Now that's just where I differ from you. Take this man Hamblen's book, for instance. It's interesting because it describes in an interesting way a mighty interesting life—the life of a railroad man, without any gloss or cheap literary talk."

"But that's just what I meant to say," I exclaimed impatiently.

"Then why didn't you say it?" the Voice replied with equal irritation.

Just to let him know how much better bred I was, I assumed a tone of excruciating politeness. "I believe that we really agree about this book. It is plain that it's going to be popular and I like to find myself on the popular side."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the Voice said derisively.

"That is, sometimes," I replied, with a shuddering thought of several "popular" books of recent years. "And I am particularly interested in this book for several reasons. In the first place, I liked Hamblen's first book, *On Many Seas*. Remember it?"

"Well, I guess I do."

"Good, wasn't it? When I read it I said to myself: 'Here is a man who has acquired the narrative faculty by storing his mind with good material. So when he began to write, the material came out with a rush and the narrative told itself.' "

"Well, that's the way it impressed me," the Voice replied with a kind of grudging courtesy.

"And that's the best thing that can be said of any book," I went on. "After all, that's the impression that Art—the Literary Art—tries to make."

I waited for a response, but there was such a disgusted silence on the part of the Voice that I thought it best not to return to that point.

"Another curious thing," I continued, "when I had finished *On Many Seas* I said to myself——"

"You're always saying things to yourself, aren't you?" the Voice jocosely remarked, throwing me into momentary confusion and making me realise how unendurable life would be if there were no such thing as politeness.

"I said to myself," I resumed firmly, "'I wonder if this fellow Hamblen is going to be a one-book man. This book evidently gives the whole story of his life and he has probably exhausted himself in it. He'll either stop writing altogether or he'll try to make up stories and do the old-fashioned, conventional, what-other-men-have-done kind of thing that won't be worth a picayune.' "

"Well, you were mistaken about that," the Voice remarked with a chuckle.

"That's the most wonderful part of it, —I mean, what he has done since," I added, hastily, for fear of being misunderstood. "By abandoning the sea altogether in his second book and writing a book about railroad life just as true as his other volume, he has made an astonishing revelation."

"What's that?" the Voice asked suspiciously, as if afraid I was going to say something that would queer the book.

I was about to reply, "It has shown that Hamblen is an Artist," but I didn't dare. I had to cast about for a phrase. "Why, that he—that Hamblen has imagination—that he can describe not only what he has himself experienced, but can invent episodes that give readers the conviction that he has experienced them."

"Pshaw! I knew that long ago." The Voice had become very contemptuous. "Do you mean to say you swallowed all those yarns in that sea book of Hamblen's?"

"Swallowed them," I repeated, almost

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losing my temper. "Of course I swallowed them. That's why——"

"Well, you critics haven't even as much sense as I thought you had. Why, I was on to 'em as soon as I read 'em."

"And yet you liked them?"

"Of course, I did. What difference did it make whether they were true or not?"

This time it was I who created the silence of disgust. I felt even more disgusted by the Voice's next remark, which had a triumphant tone. "Is it possible that you think any the less of *The General Manager's Story* because you know that a lot of the yarns in it are probably made up?"

"On the whole, I am inclined to think rather more of it," I replied, though I felt as if the Voice were tangling me up in some way. Then I determined to assert myself. "As I intimated it establishes Mr. Hamblen in my opinion as a literary artist."

"Oh, dear!" the Voice exclaimed plaintively, "I hope that won't hurt him."

"Still," I went on, growing bolder, "though I appreciate the power of the book, particularly in the descriptions which are wonderfully clear and vigorous, and the conversations, which are not only natural but convey the impression of character, I can't help feeling that the author hasn't been able to hold himself in check quite enough. His hero had too many startling adventures for one man, too many hair-breadth escapes."

"Oh, nonsense! Of course, the average railroad man wouldn't go through all that; but who cares for the average railroad man? I don't. That helps to make the book interesting, because there's so much adventure in it. Now that's just where you literary fellows——"

But here I refused to listen any longer. I was afraid of that most terrible of disasters to a critic—losing confidence in my own opinion.

John D. Barry.

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE.*

The Development of Australian Literature, by Mr. Henry Gyles Turner and Mr. Alexander Sutherland, is the best book which has yet appeared upon the subject, so far as my knowledge goes, and up to the year 1888, in which I published the last of my three anthologies of Australian poetry, I had a tolerably minute acquaintance with Australian literature. Those who know Australia will know that the joint authors of this book were joint authors of the most literary periodical ever published in Australia, the *Melbourne Review*, which came to a sudden end, when it was a sound paying concern, because Mr. Turner's duties as manager of the largest bank business in the Colony, and Mr. Sutherland's as head of an important school, obliged them for the time being to drop all business except their own.

It rejoices me to see that they have plunged into critical work again. As this book will show, they have impartiality and sureness of taste in such a marked degree. The present volume is divided into four parts—a general sketch of Australian literature, and a biography of Marcus Clarke by Mr. Turner, and biographies of Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall by Mrs. Sutherland. These again, with the exception of the biography of Marcus Clarke, are divided, each of them, into several chapters. The general sketch, for instance, has an introductory chapter on the early writers, and the various anthologies about Australian literature, a chapter on Australian poetry, a chapter on Australian fiction, and a chapter on general literature—chiefly confined to diaries and reminiscences, of small literary value in themselves, but affording most valuable material for the future historian.

Until quite recent years the literature of Australia was mainly poetical. Australia had her two considerable poets—Gordon and Kendall—long before she had any novelist of mark except Henry Kingsley, who was only a transient Englishman, and Marcus Clarke, whose strength as a novelist was unrecognised, although as an editor and a critic he exercised an influence seldom rivalled on Australian literature. Nowadays we have, as Mr. Turner points out, quite an important phalanx of Australian novelists, not counting Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, though born in Tasmania, has shown in her writings no trace of the influence of her birthplace. We have

*The Development of Australian Literature. By Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland. London: Longmans & Co. 5s.

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Mrs. Campbell Praed, daughter of a Queensland statesman, and intensely Queenslandish in her local colouring; the late Madame Couvreur, better known in literary circles as "Tasma;" "Rolf Boldrewood;" "Ada Cambridge;" Guy Boothby; Louis Becke; and Mrs. Curlewis, better known as Miss Ethel Turner, not to mention Hume Nisbet, Fergus Hume, and dozens of bushranger-mongers. But in the sixties and seventies there was no prose writer to be compared with the poets Gordon and Kendall in universal recognition by the Colonists. The authors of this volume do not claim too much for Gordon and Kendall, for even in England, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne, we have had no poets of their generation, or the generation since, whose poetry is so likely to form part of the inheritance of the people. Gordon was crude, it may be; he certainly showed the influence most markedly of Swinburne, Whyte Melville, and Byron, and of other poets in a less degree; but he was a man whose personal vehemence has not often been paralleled in poetry; he most distinctly had something to say—a philosophy of his own—and he said it in ringing measures, and epigrammatically expressed phrases, which make his poems among the most difficult poems to forget. You can recognise a poem of Gordon's anywhere. He is also of great importance as practically the father of the most popular later poets in Australia.

Kendall, on the other hand, though he does not appeal to Australians like Gordon, because, instead of being a man of sports, he was a gentle, meditative creature, is, apart from describing horse episodes, far more Australian than Gordon. As is natural, for he was born and brought up in the bush, whereas Gordon did not go to Australia till he had left Oxford. Kendall was a great poet, a far greater poet than Gordon. With a proper training, and affectionate, firm hands to keep him out of temptation, Kendall might have been one of the greatest of English-speaking poets, for he had a marvellous gift of melody, excelled by few poets in the language except Shelley, Poe, and Swinburne, a most poetical mind, the deepest and most instinctive sympathy with Nature, and a gift of coining felicitous phrases which makes it possible to compare his best work even with Keats's.

Of Mr. Brunton Stephens, being alive, they say less; but in my opinion, Mr. Turner, into whose domain the Queenslander poet falls, would not have said too much if he had claimed that Mr. Stephens was in the first rank of the writers of humorous poetry, and of a very high rank as a serious poet. I was much interested to read what Mr. Turner had to say about the four or five poets of the school of Gordon who have become popular in Australia since I lost touch of Australian poetry—Mr. Farrell, Mr. A. B. Paterson, Mr. Edward Dyson, Mr. Henry Lawson, and Mr. G. Essex Evans, for the first-named of whom he does not make out such a good case as for the others.

I detect only one serious omission in the book. Mr. Turner does not mention the New Zealand woman poet who writes under the name of "Austral," whose best pieces seem to me the most poetical products of the New Zealand muse. But that is, after all, a small point. The greatest of New Zealand poets, as Mr. Turner points out, is undoubtedly the late Alfred Domett, once Premier of New Zealand, and the friend of whom Browning wrote as Waring. His *Ranolf and Amohia* is the most considerable poem produced in Australasia, alike in volume and importance.

This book is, as I have said, exhaustive and impartial, and it is also interesting. Mr. Sutherland's lives of Gordon and Kendall are the best that have been yet written. *Douglas Sladen.*

THE FOREST LOVERS.*

If there are dog books and cat books, as the Yellow Dwarf says, then there must be big dog books and little dog books, and this story must be an English mastiff of the purest breed. There is no sign of any other sort of big dog. There is none of the Newfoundland's lubberly solemnity. There is none of the St. Bernard's pottering philanthropy. This large, beautiful beast has grace as well as strength and stands at attention wide-eyed with head up, ready to romp or to rend; never to whine or to cower.

*The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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The very beginning of the tale is a challenge of noble brutality. You are told at once that you will be taken into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil; that blood will be spilled, virgins suffer distress; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer and men, Beauty and the Beasts, will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools.

Through the thickest of the fray rides the fittest of all, young Prosper le Gai. When his elder brother shows him the door of their father's house he sticks a sprig of green holly in his cap. He puts on his armour; his horse and sword also he takes: he is for the wilds. Whither he shall go, what find, how fare, he knows no more than youth usually knows when entering the wilderness of life—called here the Forest of Morgraunt. Now as always it is far, it is deep, and dark as night. Into it Prosper rides undaunted as other young men have ridden—just as high-hearted as he and as proud of their trappings, horses, curls and what not. He finds, as doubtless they also found, that the perpetual woods are full of hungry desperate men, who go roaring and robbing and loving with the beasts.

And here, as everywhere, he finds the women made to match the men. Almost the first thing that he sees is a tall beauty dragging a dead man by the heels. But when was ever one young man's fate another young man's warning? Prosper le Gai passes on unscathed, but it is mainly because the beauty happens to be rather too mature for his taste, though he plumes himself on his resistance to temptation; mistaking fastidiousness for virtue, as a good many sincere people have done before and since. This same clean, fine taste serves again in the place of morality when he encounters a beauteous damsel in dire distress—and also in dingy rags. He marries her, there being no other means of saving her life, but he forthwith puts her in a convent and rides away with a feeling of relief rather than of renunciation. It is different when she escapes and he meets her again, bewitching in the 'broidered doublet and hose of a shapely page. This is a dog book—a big dog book—remember. There is no cat-like mincing of truth and human nature.

"Are you my wife?" he cries. "By the saints, are you not my wife? Why are you here?"

"To serve my lord."

"Serve! Serve! And is this the service you do me? Are you not my wife?"

"I am, my lord; I am what you made me. I serve as you taught."

"Does a wife not owe obedience? Hath a lord—hath a husband no right to that?"

"Love is a great lord."

"By heaven, do I not love you?"

He could have sworn he did; but Isoult knew better.

"Yesterday my lord loved me not; to-morrow he will not love me. I am his servant, his page . . . do not send me away beggared, of what you gave me before."

"And what did I give you, Isoult?" he whispered.

"It was your honour to keep, my lord," said the girl.

Only true love can win her, regardless of the wedding ring—and her extraordinary large acquaintance with its many counterfeits, makes her a better judge of the real thing than most maidens could possibly be.

It is not really proven that Prosper ever comes to see the situation as Isoult sees it. The man and the woman rarely hold the same point of view, but when as in this instance the woman believes he does, all is well. For the purpose of the story it is perhaps better. A more spiritual love could hardly have made the stirring tale that this makes, as the lover pursues the beloved with hounds and horses and naked sword. A more delicate lover might have thought the beloved somewhat soiled by the indiscriminate tousling which this distressed damsel undergoes, before he finds her to have and to hold for his own at last.

It is true that the story is as old as the Round Table, as King Arthur, as chivalry itself, but the manner of its telling is startlingly new. It is new with a force that seizes the imagination on the first page, and does not let go with the laying down of the book. Its style is absolutely unique and fine enough to serve as a model. Each sentence comes in a single swift stroke, with hardly a word too much or too little to make the meaning crystal clear. The feeling of nature also is strong and fine, furnishing much of the work's charm.

Certainly there is nothing of the cat-book's subtle indirection in all this.

George Preston.

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THE COTTONADE

I.

PLANTING.

Wild plum blossoms on the roadside,
  Peach blows on the waking boughs;
Daring whistlers trying pipe notes,
  Far above the resting plows.

Partridge calling in the woodland,
  Budding willow, whispering reed,
Bordering the fallow furrow,
  Waiting for the cottonseed.

Strong and black the droning negroes,
  Following the even drills,
Flinging out the seed of promise
  To the idle, sleepy mills.

Love abud with other flowers,
  Love abloom as others sow,
To the humble youth and maiden,
  Meeting in the cotton row.

II.

LAYING BY.

A promise rests upon the mellow field,
  A-quiver with the midtide summer's heat;
The heart of nature kindles at the blush
  Of pink and white that opens at her feet.

The lazy plows are turning once again,
  The droning workers pause between the rows,
To give a burst of melody and wipe
  The sweat of honest labor as it glows.

A musing lover bends his dusky face
  Above the plow lines slackened o'er his dream;
He knows she waits with platter 'neath the beech,
  Her earthen pitcher cooling in the stream;

For Love's a-bloom in burning summer's heat,
  And Love's a-thrive beside the ripening bolls—
A golden arrow lost amid the glebe
  Upturned, on yearly round by simple souls.

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III.

PICKING.

Whiter than snowflakes, fulfilling the promise,
Made by the earth to the soul that would trust;
Crowned with the beauty of autumn, and lifting
The star of her glory up out of the dust.

Pure is the heart of the boll for the picking,
Golden the mesh that the autumn has spun,
Holding the melody, wreathing the singers,
Winding through wealth that hard labor has won.

Dark are the cheeks of the youth and the maiden,
Bright is the smile lit by Love as he goes,
Nimble the fingers that touch ere the parting,
Meeting again in the oft trodden rows.

Soft is the song of the man for the maiden,
Soft is the maid's—they are singing to each;
Heaping the baskets up high with their lint-locks,
Building a castle that love can but reach.

ENVOI.

Oh! marriage day, come true by winter's frost,
Blest be in simple faith, to man and maid;
Sweet be the broken bread of honest toil
To humble hearts beneath the cottonade.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

LYRA CELTICA

From Nature in an epic mood
Arose pure friendship's soul at morn;
But 'twas a lyric fancy wooed
Her soul the twilight I was born.

For others she had hearts controlled
And spirits crowned in calm estate;
While to my breast she bade me fold
The gift of love, the gift of hate.

Thomas Walsh.

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JOHN SPLENDID

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

By Neil Munro,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XIX.

The month of January, as our old Gaelic notion has it, borrows three days from July for a bribe of three young lambs. Those three days we call *Faoilteach*, and often they are very genial and cheerful days, with a sun that in warmth is a sample of the mellow season at hand. But this year, as my history has shown, we had no sign of a good *Faoilteach*, and on the morning of the last day of January, when Alasdair MacDonald's army set over the hills, it was wild, tempestuous weather. A wind rose in the dawning and increased in vehemence as the day aged, and with it came a storm of snow—the small bitter sifting snow that, encountered on the hill, stings like the ant and drifts in monstrous and impassable wreaths. Round about us yawned the glens, to me nameless, mysterious, choked to the throat with snow-mist that flapped and shook like gray rags. The fields were bleak and empty; the few houses that lay in the melancholy plain were on no particularly friendly terms with this convocation of Ersemen and wild kerns; they shut their doors steadfastly on our doings, and gave us not even the compliment of looking on at our strange manœuvres. There was but one exception, in a staunch and massive dwelling—a manifest baron keep or stout domicile of that nature just on the border of the field in which the camp was pitched; it was apparently in the charge of two old spinster sisters whose men-folk were afield somewhere else, for they had shuttered the windows, barricaded the doors, and ever and anon would they show blanched faces as the tumult of our preparation disturbed them, and they came to the door and cunningly pulled it open a little and looked out on this warlike array. If a soldier made a step in their direction they fled inside with terror, and their cries rang in the interior.

Those two spinsters—very white, very thin clad for a morn so rigorous, and with a trepidation writ on every feature—were all that saw us off on our march to the southeast. They came out and stood hand in hand on the door stoop, and I have little doubt the honest bodies thanked the God of Israel that the spoilers were departed furth their neighbourhood.

The country we now plunged into, as may be guessed, was a *terra incognito* to me. Beyond that it was Badenoch and an unhealthy clime for all that wear the Campbell tartan, I could guess no more. It was after these little wars were over I discovered the names of the localities, the glens, mounts, passes, streams. and drove-roads over which we passed in a march that Gustavus never faced the like of.

With good judgment enough our captors put a small advance-guard ahead, a score of Airlie's troopers, swanky blaspheming persons, whose horses pranced very gaily up Glen Tarf, guided by John Lom. M'Iver and I walked together with the main body, quite free and unfettered, sometimes talking with affability to our captors. The Irish were in good humour; they cracked jokes with us in their peculiar Gaelic that at first is ill for a decent Gael of Albion to follow. if uttered rapidly, but soon becomes as familiar as the less foreign language of the Athole men, whose tongue we Argiles find some strange conceits in. If the Irish were affable, the men of our own side of the ocean were most singularly morose—small wonder, perhaps, for we have little reason to love each other. Sour dogs! they gloomed at us under their bonnets and swore in their beards. I have no doubt but for their gentry

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there had been dirks in us before we reached Corryarick.

It was with the repartee of the Irish and the scowls of the Gaels we went up the rough valley of the Tarf, where the wind moaned most drearily and drove the thin fine snow like a smoke of burning heather. But when we got to the pass of Corryarick, our trials began, and then such spirit did M'Iver put in the struggle with the task before us, such snatches of song, sharp saying and old story—such comradary as it might be named, that we were on good terms with all. For your man of family the Gael has ever some regard. M'Iver (not to speak of myself) was so manifestly the *duine-uasail* that the coarsest of the company fell into a polite tone, helped to their manners to some degree no doubt by the example of Montrose and Airlie, who at the earliest moments of our progress walked beside us and discoursed on letters and hunting, and soldiering in the foreign wars.

The pass of Corryarick met us with a girning face and white fangs. On Tarf-side there was a rough bridle-path that the wind swept the snow from, and our progress was fairly easy. Here the drifts lay waist high, the horses plunged to the belly-bands, the footmen pushed through in a sweat. It was like some Hyperborean hell, and we the doomed wretches sentenced to our eternity of toil. We had to climb up the shoulder of the hill, now among tremendous rocks, now through water unfrozen, now upon wind-swept ice; but the snow—the snow—the heartless snow was our constant companion. It stood in walls before, it lay in ramparts round us, it wearied the eye to a most numbing pain. Unlucky were they who wore trews, for the same clung damply to knee and haunch and froze, while the stinging sleet might flay the naked limb till the blood rose among the felt of the kilted, but the suppleness of the joints was unmarred.

It was long beyond noon when we reached the head of the pass and saw before us the dip of the valley of the Spey. We were lost in a wilderness of mountain peaks; the bens started about us on every hand like the horrors of a nightmare, every ben with its death-sheet, menacing us, poor insects, crawling in our pain across the landscape.

I thought we had earned a halt and a bite of meat by this forenoon of labour; and Montrose himself, who had walked the pass on foot like his fellows, seemed anxious to rest, but Sir Alasdair pushed us on like a fate relentless.

"On, on," he cried, waving his long arms to the prospect before; "here's but the start of our journey; far is the way before; strike fast, strike hot! Would ye eat a meal with appetite while the Diarmaids wait in the way?"

M'Iver, who was plodding beside MacDonald when he said these words gave a laugh. "Take your time, Sir Sandy," said he; "you'll need a bowl or two of brose ere you come to grips with MacCailein."

"We'll never come to grips with MacCailein," said MacDonald, taking the badinage in good part, "so long as he has a back-gate to go out at or a barge to sail off in."

"I could correct you on that point in a little affair of arms as between gentlemen—if the time and place were more suitable," said M'Iver warmly.

"Let your chief defend himself, friend," said MacDonald. "Man, I'll wager we never see the colour of his face when it comes to close quarters."

"I wouldn't wonder," I ventured. "He is in no great trim for fighting, for his arm is——"

Sir Alasdair gave a gesture of contempt and cried, "Faugh! we've heard of the raxed arm; he took care when he was making his tale that he never made it a raxed leg."

Montrose edged up at this, with a red face and a somewhat annoyed expression. He put his gloved hand lightly on MacDonald's shoulder and chided him for debate with a prisoner of war.

"Let our friends be, Alasdair," he said, quietly. "They are, in a way, our guests; they would perhaps be more welcome if their tartan was a different hue, but in any case we must not be insulting them. Doubtless they have their own ideas of his lordship of Argile——"

"I never ask to serve a nobler or a more generous chief," said M'Iver firmly.

"I would expect no other sentiment from a gentleman of Argile's clan. He has ever done honestly enough by his own people. But have we not had enough of this? We are wasting our

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wind that should be more precious considering the toils before us."

We found the descent of Corryarick even more ill than its climbing. The wind from the east had driven the snow into the mouth of it like a wedge. The horses, stepping ahead, more than once slipped into drifts that rose to their necks. Then they became wild with terror, dashed with frantic hoofs into deeper trouble, or ran back, quivering in every sinew and snorting with affright till the troopers behove to dismount and lead them. When we in the van reached the foot of the corrie we looked back on a spectacle that fills me with new wonder to this day when I think of it—a stream of black specks in the distance dropping, as it were, down the sheer face of white; nearer, the broken bands of different clansmen winding noiselessly and painfully among the drifts, their kilts pinned between their thighs, their plaids crossed on their chests—all their weapons a weariness to them.

In the afternoon the snow ceased to fall, but the dusk came on early notwithstanding, for the sky was blotted over with driving clouds.

At the head of Glen Roy the MacDonalds, who had lost their bauchles of brogues in the pass, started to a trot, and as the necessity was we had to take up the pace too. Long lank hounds, they took the road like deer, their limbs purple with the cold, their faces pinched to the aspect of the wolf, their targets and muskets clattering about them. "There are Campbells to slay, and suppers to eat," the Major-General had said. It would have given his most spiritless followers the pith to run till morning across a strand of rock and pebble. They knew no tiring, they seemingly felt no pain in their torn and bleeding feet, but put mile after mile below them.

But the Campbells were not in Glen Roy. They had been there and skirmished for a day among their old foes and had gone back to Lochyside, little thinking the fires they left in the Cameron barns at morning would light the enemy on ere night. The roofs still smouldered, and a granary here and there on the sides of the valley sent up its flames, at once a spur to the spirit of the MacDonalds and a light to their vengeance.

We halted for the night in Glen Spean, with Ben Chluraig looming high to the south, and the river gulping in ice beside our camp. Around was plenty of wood; we built fires and ate as poor a meal as the Highlands ever granted in a bad year, though it was the first break in our fast for the day. Gentle and simple, all fared alike—a whang of barley bannock, a stir-about of oat-and-water, without salt, a quaich of spirits from some kegs the troopers carried, that ran done before the half of the corps had been served. Sentinels were posted, and we slept till the morning pipe with sweet weariness in our bones.

Our second day was a repetition of the first. We left without even a breakfast whenever the pipers set up the Cameron rant, "Sons of the dogs, oh! Come and get flesh." The Campbells had spoiled the bridge with a charge of powder, so we had to ford the river among the ice-lumps, MacDonald showing the way with his kilt-tail about his waist. A hunter from a hamlet at the glen foot gladly left the smoking ruin of his home and guided us on a drove-road into the wilds of Lochaber, among mountains more stupendous than those we had left behind. These relentless peaks were clad with blinding snow. The same choking drifts that met us in Corryarick filled the passes between Stob Choire and Easan Mor and Stob Ban, that cherish the snow in their crannies in the depths of mid-summer. Hunger was eating at our hearts when we got to Glen Nevis; but the glen was empty of people, and the second night fell ere we broke fast.

I have hungered many times on weary marches, but yon was the most cruel hunger of my life. And though the pain of the starving could be dulled a little by draughts of water from the wayside springs, what there was no remedy for was the weakness that turned the flesh in every part of me to a nerveless pulp. I went down Nevis Glen a man in a delirium. My head swam with vapours, so that the hillside seemed to dance round and before me. If I had fallen in the snow I should assuredly have lain there and died, and the thought of how simple and sweet it would be to stretch out my heavy limbs and sleep the sleep forever, more than once robbed me of my will. Some of the Stewarts and Camerons, late

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recruits to the army, and as yet not inured to its toils, fell on the wayside half-way down the glen. MacDonald was for leaving them—"We have no need for weaklings," he said cruelly, fuming at the delay; but their lairds gave him a sharp answer, and said they would bide by them till they had recovered. Thus a third of our force fell behind us in the march, and I would have been behind, too, but for M'Iver's encouragement. His songs were long done; his stories chilled on his lip. The hunger had him at the heart; but he had a lion's will and a lion's vigour.

"For the love of God!" he said to me, "do not let them think we are so much of the Covenanter that we cannot keep up! For a Scots Cavalier you are giving in over early."

"Campaigning with Lumsden was never like this," I pled wearily; "give me the open road and an enemy before me, and I would tramp gaily to the world's end. Here's but a choked ravine the very deer abhor in such weather, and before us but a battle we must not share in."

He said never a word for a few moments, but trudged on. My low-heeled shoon were less fitted for the excursion than his close-thonged brogues that clung to the feet like a dry glove, and I walked lamely. Ever and anon he would look askance at me, and I was annoyed that he should think me a poorer mountaineer than those unwearied knaves who hurried us. I must have shown my feeling in my face, for in a little he let-on to fall lame, too, and made the most grievous complaint of ache and weariness. His pretence deceived me only for a little. He was only at his old quirk of keeping me in good repute with myself, but he played the part with skill, letting us both fall behind the general company a little so that the MacDonalds might not witness the indignity of it.

Glen Nevis, as I saw it that night in the light of the moon, is what comes to me now in my dreams. I smell the odour of the sweat drenched, uncleanly cleeding of those savage clans about us; I see the hills lift on either hand with splintered peaks that prick among the stars; gorge and ravine and the wide ascending passes filled ever with the sound of the river, and the coarse, narrow drove-road leads into despair. That night the moon rode at the full about a vacant sky. There was not even a vapour on the hills; the wind had failed in the afternoon.

At the foot of the hill Carn Dearg (or the Red Mount), that is one of three gallant mountains that keep company for Nevis Ben the biggest of all, the path we followed made a twist to the left into a gully from which a blast of the morning's wind had cleaned out the snow as by a giant's spade.

So much the worse for us, for now the path lay strewn with boulders that the dragoons took long to thread through, and the bare feet of the private soldiers bled redly anew. Some lean high fir-trees threw this part into a shadow, and so it happened that as I felt my way wearily on, I fell over a stone. The fall lost me the last of my senses; I but heard some of the Stewarts curse me for an encumbrance as they stumbled over me and passed on, heedless of my fate, and saw, as in a dream, one of them who had abraded his knees by his stumble over my body, turn round with a drawn knife that glinted in a shred of moonlight.

I came to, with M'Iver bent over me, and none of our captors at hand.

"I had rather this than a thousand rix-dollars," said he, as I sat up and leaned on my arm.

"Have they left us?" I asked, with no particular interest in the answer. It could work little difference whatever it might be. "I thought I saw one of them turn on me with a knife."

"You did," said M'Iver. "He broke his part of the parole, and is lying on the other side of you, I think with a hole in his breast. An ugly and a treacherous scamp! It's lucky for us that Montrose or MacColkitto never saw the transaction between this clay and John M'Iver, or their clemency had hardly been so great. 'You can bide and see to your friend,' was James Grahame's last words, and that's the reason I'm here."

M'Iver lifted me to my feet, and we stood a little to think what we should do. My own mind had no idea save the one that we were bound to keep in touch with the company whose prisoners we were, but M'Iver hinted at an alternative scarce so honest—namely, a desertion and a detour to the left that would maybe

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lead us to the Campbell army before active hostilities began.

"You would surely not break parole?" said I, surprised, for he was usually as honourable in such matters as any Highlander I ever met.

"Bah!" he cried, pretending contempt at hesitation, though I could perceive by his voice he was somewhat ashamed of the policy he proposed. "Who quitted the contract first? Was it not that Stewart gentleman on your other side who broke it in a most dastardly way by aiming at your life?"

"I'm thankful for the life you saved, John," said I, "little worth though it seems at this time, but Montrose is not to be held responsible for the sudden impulse of a private. We made our pact as between gentleman and gentleman—let us be going."

"Oh, very well!" said he, shortly. "Let us be going. After all, we are in a trap any way we look at all; for half the Stewarts and Camerons are behind in the wood there, and our flank retreat among these hills might be a tempting of Providence. But are you thinking of this Athole corp and what his kin will be doing to his slayers?"

"I'll risk it," I said shortly. "We may be out of their hands one way or the other before they miss him."

On a sudden there rose away before us toward the mouth of the glen the sound of a bagpipe. It came on the tranquil air with no break in its uproar, and after a preparatory tuning it broke into a tune called "Cogadh no Sith"—and ancient braggart pibroch made by one Macruimen of the Isle of Skye—a tune that was commonly used by the Campbells as a night-retreat or tattoo.

My heart filled with the strain. It gave me not only the simple illusion that I saw again the regimentals of my native country—many a friend and comrade among them in the shelter of the Castle of Inverlochy, but it roused in me a spirit very antique, very religious and moving, too, as the music of his own land must be for every honest Gael.

"*Cruachan gu bragh!*" I said lightly to M'Iver, though my heart was full.

He was as much touched by that homely lilt as myself. "The old days, the old styles!" said he. "God! how that pibroch stings me to the core!" And as the tune came more clearly in the second part, or *Crunluadh* as we call it, and the player maybe came round a bend of the road my comrade stopped in his pace and added with what in another I might have thought a sob—"I've trudged the world; I've learned many bravadoes, so that my heart never stirred much to the mere trick of an instrument but one, and the *piob mhor* conquers me. What is it, Colin, that's in us, rich and poor, yon rude cane-reeds speaks so human and friendly to?"

"'Tis the Gaelic," I said, cheered myself by the air. "Never a roar of the drone or a sob of the chanter but's in the Gaelic tongue."

"Maybe," said he, "maybe; I've heard the scholars like yourself say the sheepskin and the drones were Roman—that or Spanish, it's all one to me. I heard them at Boitzenburg when we gave the butt of the gun to Tilly's *soldados*; they played us into Holstein; and when the ditch of Stralsung was choked with the tartan of Mackay and our lads were falling like corn before the hook, a Reay piper stood valiantly in front and played a salute. Then and now it's the pipes, my darling!"

"I would as lief have them in a gayer strain. My fondest memories are of reels I've danced to their playing," I said, and by now we were walking down the glen.

"And of one reel you danced," said he, quizzingly, "not more than two months gone in a town that was called Inneraora!"

"Two months!" I cried—"two months! I could have sworn offhand we have been wandering in Lorn and Badenoch for as many years!"

Such spirit did my native pipes, played by a clansman, put in me that my weariness much abated, and we made great progress down the glen, so that before the tune had ceased we were on the back of Montrose's men as they crept on quietly in the night.

The piper stopped suddenly enough when some shots rang out—an exchange of compliments between our pickets ahead and some wandering scouts of Argile.

And yonder below us, Loch Linnhe and Locheil glanced in the moonlight, and the strong towers of Inverlochy sat like a scowl on the fringe of the wave!

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CHAPTER XX.

When we came up with the main body of MacDonald's army, the country, as I say, was shining in the light of the moon, with only a camp-fire down in the field beside the castle to show in all the white world a sign of human life. We had got the Campbells in the rear, barring any passage to Badenoch or Lochaber; but they never knew it. A few of their scouts came out across the fields and challenged our pickets; there was some exchange of musketry, but, as we found again, we were thought to be some of the Lochaber hunters unworthy of serious engagement.

For the second time in so many days we tasted food, a handful of meal to the quaich of water—no more and no less; and James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, supped his brose like the rest of us, with the knife from his belt doing the office of a horn-spoon.

Some hours after us came up the Camerons, who had fallen behind, but fresher and more eager for fighting than our own company, for they had fallen on a herd of roe on the slope of Sgur an Iolair, and had supped savagely on the warm raw flesh.

"You might have brought us a gigot off your take," Sir Alasdair said to the leader of them, Dol Ruadh. He was a short-tempered man of no great manners, and he only grunted his response.

"They may well call you Camerons of the soft mouth," said Alasdair angrily, "that would treat your comrades so."

"You left us to carry our own men," said the chief shortly; "we left you to find your own deer."

We were perhaps the only ones who slept at the mouth of Glen Nevis that woeful night, and we slept because, as my comrade said, "What cannot be mended may be well slept on; it's an ease to the heart." And the counsel was so wise and our weariness so acute, that we lay on the bare ground till we were roused to the call of a trumpet.

It was St. Bridget's Day, and Sunday morning. A myriad bens around gave mists, as smoke from a censer, to the day. The Athole pipers high-breastedly strutted with a vain port up and down their lines and played incessantly. Alasdair laid out the clans with amazing skill, as M'Iver and I were bound to confess to ourselves; the horse (with Montrose himself on his charger) in the centre, the men of Clanranald, Keppoch, Locheil, Glengarry, and Maclean, and the Stewarts of Appin behind. MacDonald and O'Kyan led the Irish on the wings.

In the plain we could see Argile's forces in a somewhat similar order, with the tartan as it should be in the midst of the bataille and the Lowland levies on the flanks. Over the centre waved the black barge of Lorne on a gold standard.

I expressed some doubt about the steadfastness of the Lowlanders, and M'Iver was in a sad agreement with me.

"I said it in Glenaora when we left," said he; "and I say it again. They would be fairly good stuff against foreign troops; but they have no suspicion of the character of Gaelic war. I'm sore feared they'll prove a poor reed to lean on. Why, in heaven's name, does MacCailein take the risk of a battle in such an awkward corner? An old stager like Auchinbreac should advise him to follow the Kilcumin road and join forces with Seaforth, who must be far down Glen Albyn by now."

As we were standing apart thus, up to us came Ian Lom, shaking the broguemoney he got from Grahame in his dirty loof. He was very bitter.

"I never earned an honester penny," he said, looking up almost insolently in our faces, so that it was a temptation to give him a clout on the cunning jowl.

"So Judas thought, too, I daresay, when he fingered his filthy shekels," said I. "I thought no man from Keppoch would be skulking aside here when his pipers blew the onset."

"Och!" said M'Iver, "what need ye be talking? *Bardachd* and bravery don't very often go togther."

Ian Lom scowled blackly at the taunt; but was equal to answer it.

"If the need arise," said he, "you'll see whether the bard is brave or not. There are plenty to fight; there's but one to make the song of the fight, and that's John MacDonald with your honours' leave."

We would, like enough, have been pestered with the scamp's presence and garrulity a good deal longer; but Montrose came up at that moment and took us aside with a friendly enough beckon of his head.

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"Gentlemen," he said in English, "as Cavaliers you can guess fairly well already the issue of what's to happen below there, and as Cavaliers who, clansmen or no clansmen of the Campbell chief, have done well for old Scotland's name abroad, I think you deserve a little more consideration at our hands at this juncture than common prisoners of war can lay claim to. If you care you can quit here as soon as the onset begins, abiding of course by your compact to use no arms against my friends. You have no objection?" he added, turning about on his horse and crying to Alasdair.

The Major-General came up and looked at us. "I suppose they may go," said he, "though, to tell my mind on the matter, I could devise a simpler way of getting rid of them. We have other methods in Erin O, but as your lordship has taken the fancy, they may go I daresay. Only they must not join their clan or take arms with them until this battle is over. They must be on the Ballachulish road before we call the onset."

Montrose flushed at the ill-breeding of his officer, and waved us away to the left on the road that led to Argile by Loch Linnhe side, and took us clear of the coming encounter.

We were neither of us slow to take advantage of the opportunity, but set off at a sharp walk at the moment that O'Kyan on the right flank was slowly moving in the direction of Argile's line.

John broke his sharp walk so quickly into a canter that I wondered what he meant. I ran close at his heels, but I forbore to ask, and we had put a good lump of moorland between us and the MacDonalds before he explained.

"You perhaps wondered what my hurry was," he said, with the sweat standing in beads on his face, though the air was full of frost. "It wasn't for exercise, as you might guess at any rate. The fact is, we were within five minutes of getting a wheen Stewart dirks in our doublets, and if there was no brulzie on foot we were even yet as good as lost on Brae Lochaber."

"How does that happen?" I asked. "They seemed to let us away generously enough and with no great ill will."

"Just so! But when Montrose gave us the *congé*, I happened to turn an eye up Glen Nevis, and I saw some tardy Stewarts (by their tartan) come running down the road. These were the lads Dol Ruadh left behind last night, and they could scarcely miss in daylight the corpse we left by the road, and their clansmen missed in the mirk. That was my notion at the first glance I got of them, and when we ran they ran, too, and what do you make of that?"

"What we should make of it," I said in alarm, "is as good a pace into Lorn as we can; they may be on the heels of us now"—for we were in a little dip of the ground where the force we had just parted so gladly with were not to be seen from.

On that point M'Iver speedily assured me.

"No, no!" he said. "If Seumans Grahame himself were stretched out yonder instead of a Glenart Cearnoch of no great importance to any one, Alasdair MacDonald would be scarcely zealous fool enough to spoil his battle order to prosecute a private feud. Look at that," he proceeded, turning round on a little knowe he ran lightly up on and I after him—"look at that! the battle's begun."

We stood on that knowe of Brae Lochaber, and I saw from thence a spectacle whose like, by the grace of God, I have never seen the like of before nor since in its agony for any eye that was friendly to Diarmaid Clan. I need not here set down the sorry end of that day at Inverlochy. It has been written many times, though I harbour no book on my shelves that tells the story. We saw MacDonald's charge; we saw the wings of Argile's army—the rotten Lowland levies—break off and skurry along the shore; we saw the lads of the Diarmaid tartan hewn down on the edge of the tide till its waves ran red; but we were as helpless as the rush that waved at our feet. Between us and our friends lay the enemy and our parole—I daresay our parole was forgotten in that terrible hour.

John M'Iver laid him down on the *tulloch* and clawed with his nails the stunted grass that in wind-blown patches came through the snow. None of my words made any difference on his anguish, I was piping to the surrender of sorrow, nigh mad myself.

The horses of Ogilvie—who himself fell in the brulzie—chased the Lowlanders along the side of Loch Linnhe,

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and so few of the flying had the tartan, that we had no great interest in them, till we saw six men with their plaiding cast run unobserved up the plain, wade waist deep through the Nevis, and come somewhat in our direction. We went down to join them, and ran hard and fast and came on them at a place called the Rhu at the water of Crachnish.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK HUNTER

The third and final portion of the magnificent collection of printed books belonging to the Earl of Ashburnham, was disposed of at Sotheby's from May 9 to May 14. The first and second portions were sold in 1897.

The three catalogues comprised together 4,075 lots, twenty days' sale, and the total amounted to £62,700. This is said to be the greatest amount received from the sale of any library, with the exception of the Beckford Library, sold at Sotheby's in 1882 and 1883, where a total of 9,837 lots, forty days' sale, realised £73,551 18s.

The library was mostly, and, so far as regards the rarer books almost entirely, brought together by the late Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham, who was born in 1797 and died in 1878. He aimed to secure the rarest editions of those books to which his taste or fancy inclined him, and, moreover, he aimed to secure the most perfect copies of these books. At a time when many collectors were not particular as to condition, so long as they had copies of rare editions, even if more or less imperfect, he strove to secure perfect and fine copies. And the present Earl, who has been selling the library, has realised most munificently upon his father's foresight.

One class of books always brings high prices even when imperfect, and when perfect they sometimes bring what buyers a half century ago would have called stupendous prices. We refer to books printed by England's first printer, William Caxton. The Ashburnham library included 20 distinct books printed by Caxton, some more or less imperfect, besides several quite imperfect duplicates. They perhaps show a greater proportionate advance upon their cost than any other class of books. We give below a list of these Caxtons, with their condition, the number of copies known, the price brought in the sale, and wherever possible the price paid for the copy by the late Earl, with the earlier history of some of the volumes.

The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, translated from the French of Raoul Le Fevre by William Caxton. Printed probably in Bruges, about 1472-74 and the first book printed in the English language. It was during the progress of this book through the press that Caxton learned the new art of printing, as he himself informs us in the epilogue to the third book. Sixteen copies are known, only one of which is perfect. This copy lacked 49 leaves out of 352, one being blank, and brought £950. It cost the late Earl £155 in Utterson's sale in 1852. The same copy had been sold previously in 1816, in the Wygfair sale, for £126, in 1829, in Hibbert's sale, for £157 10s., and in 1847, in Wilk's sale, for £165. The Earl of Jersey's copy, the only perfect one known, sold in 1885 for £1,820, and the Roxburghe copy, lacking one leaf, sold in 1812 for £1,060 10s.

Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye, in French, printed abroad, by Caxton, about 1476. Six copies known to Blades, three of them perfect. This one lacked 33 leaves and brought £600. The late Earl bought it at Hanrott's sale, in 1833, for £27. It had sold previously in the Roxburghe sale, in 1812, for £116 11s.; in a sale of some duplicates from Earl Spencer's library, in 1834 (he having meanwhile paid £205 for a perfect, uncut copy) for £73 10s., and in Dent's sale, in 1827, for £36 10s. The British Museum paid £200 for the Libri copy, perfect, in 1844.

A Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason, translated by Caxton from the French of Le Fevre and printed abroad, about 1477. Seven copies known, three of them perfect. The Ashburnham is described by Blades as "the finest copy known, being uncut." It sold for £2,100. It was Heber's copy and was probably purchased by the late Earl from Payne, the bookseller, who bought it at Heber's sale for £87. We may hazard a guess that he did not pay more than £125 for it. The same copy had often before changed hands at varying prices. It sold in 1751, in Osborne's sale, for £1 1s.; in 1773 in West's sale, for £4 4s.; in 1776, in Ratcliffe's sale, for £5 10s.; in 1817, in Erskine's sale, for £162 15s.; in 1823, in Taylor's sale, for £95 11s., Heber being the purchaser.

The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers, first edition, printed at Westminster in 1477, and the first of Caxton's books to bear a definite statement of where, when and by whom printed. Blades knew of eleven copies, only four of which were perfect. This copy had three leaves slightly defective and some others wormed, but was perfect. It brought £1,320. The Duke of Buccleuch's copy, fine and large, wanting only a blank leaf, sold in 1889 for £650.

Chaucer's *Boke of the Tales of Canterburye*, first edition, printed about 1478. Only two perfect copies known. This copy lacked 15 leaves and sold for £720. It cost the late Earl £21, at Bright's sale, in 1845, though some leaves had since been added. It was Heber's copy and had been bought by Bright in his sale in 1834 for £10 15s. Three other fragments of this edition were sold in the Addenda to Part III. of the sale. One with 295 leaves out of 372, brought £230, another, with

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277 leaves, some of them defective, brought £60, and a third copy, with only 165 leaves, brought £65. A copy, lacking 4 leaves, sold two years ago for £1,880, and one lacking 10 leaves for £1,020.

Boethius' *De Consolacione Philosophiæ*, translated into English by Chaucer, and printed about 1478. Sixteen copies are known, 7 of which are perfect. This lacked two leaves, but was otherwise fine and large. It fetched £510. A perfect copy, somewhat stained, sold at Sotheby's in 1887 for £156.

The Boke Named Cordyale, translated from the French and printed in 1479. Ten copies are known, five of which are imperfect. This copy lacked 8 leaves, but was in the original binding and with rough leaves. It brought £760.

The Mirrour of the Worlde, first edition, printed in 1481, and containing some of the earliest specimens of wood engraving in any English book. Fifteen copies were known to Blades, nine of which were perfect. This copy lacked 4 leaves and some others were defective. It brought £225. The Duke of Roxburghe's copy brought £351 15s., in 1812, and the Earl of Jersey's £195 in 1885. Both were perfect.

Cicero's *De Senectute*, etc., printed in 1481. A fragment only, not described by Blades, who knew of 20 copies. It brought £102. The Earl of Jersey's copy, fine and perfect, sold for £350, in 1885, and Lord Crawford's, perfect, for £320, in 1889.

The Cronycles of Englond, the second edition, with long commas, printed in 1482. Seven copies are known, all imperfect. This copy had the last 4 leaves in fac-simile. With it was bound the *Descripcion of Britayne*, printed in 1480, one of five perfect copies known. The volume brought £610. It was purchased by the late Earl, in 1860, for £180, at the sale of the library of Mr. E. A. Crowinshield, of Boston, but was one of the books which was added to the collection after it was taken to England.

Higden's *Polycronicon*, first edition, printed in 1482, and one of the commonest of Caxton's books in better or worse condition. Twenty-two copies were known to Blades. This copy lacked 46 leaves and sold for £201. Lord Charlemont's copy, which, imperfect, sold in his sale for £477 15s., was perfected from another copy and was sold a few years ago by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN for upward of $6,000. It is the finest copy known, with more than 200 uncut leaves. The binding alone cost £50. It is now in Mr. Hoe's library.

Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, first edition, printed in 1483 (though by a typographical error the date appears in the colophon as 1493). Fifteen copies were known to Blades, five of them perfect. This copy was a poor one, lacking about 30 leaves and close cropped at the head. It brought £188. Another copy, lacking 41 leaves, sold for £100. One of these two copies, we are unable to determine which, cost the late Earl £24, at Pickering's sale, in 1854. The Earl of Jersey's copy, fine and perfect, with all the blank leaves, brought £810, in 1885, and is now in Mr. Hoe's library.

The Book whiche is sayd or called Cathon, printed in 1483. Blades knew of 11 copies, 8 of which were perfect. This copy lacked 14 leaves and brought £295. It was bought by the late Earl privately for £15 15s. There is a fine and perfect copy in the Lenox Library, which cost Mr. Lenox £81 in 1854.

The Book of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knyghthode, printed about 1483-85. Only four copies known to Blades, two perfect and two imperfect. This copy lacked two leaves and sold for £345. It was Lord Lovat's copy and cost the late Earl £55 10s. at his sale in 1852.

Chaucer's *Book of the Tales of Caunterburye*, second edition, printed in 1484. Only one perfect copy known. This one lacked 28 leaves and some others were defective. It sold for £300. It was bought at Heber's sale, in 1834, for £78 15s. Heber paid £10 10s. for it in Brand's sale, in 1807. Three other fragments of this edition were sold with the Addenda to Part III. of the Catalogue. They brought successively £100, £40 and £34.

Speculum Vitæ Christi, printed about 1488. Ten copies are known, three of them perfect, this being one. It sold for £510. Its early history is not traced.

The Doctrinal of Sapyence, printed in 1489. Ten or eleven copies are known, four of them are perfect. This copy lacked the first and last leaves, and was unknown to Blades. It sold for £660. Thomas Bateman's copy, with six leaves in manuscript by W. Herbert, sold in 1893 for £58. It had sold previously for £63, in the Towneley sale, in 1814; £8 12s., in 1815, at a sale of some duplicates belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and £28 at Dawson Turner's sale, in 1859.

A Boke of Divers Fruytful Ghostly Matters, printed about 1490. The second of the three tracts only, the *XII. proffites of Tribyulacyon*. A rare Caxton, Blades being able to describe only one perfect copy. It sold for £310. This copy was offered for private sale, in 1858, for £25, and we may presume that the Earl paid about this sum for it. William Stuart's copy, lacking 42 out of 96 leaves, sold, in 1895, for £117.

Voragine's *Golden Legende*, Caxton's third edition, really printed, probably, by Wynken de Worde, after Caxton's death, though the colophon reads "By me Wyllyam Caxton." Blades enumerates nine copies, only one of them perfect. This copy lacked 29 leaves and sold for £151.

Mr. Quaritch has, in previous sales, usually been the buyer of Caxtons. In this sale, however, he seems to have secured only two, in the first and second parts of the sale, while Messrs. Pickering & Chatto were the buyers of thirteen. We have not yet received the names of buyers at the third sale.

Although the collection of printed books was remarkable, the late Earl's collection of manuscripts was even more so. His active buying of manuscripts began by the purchase, in 1847, from Count Libri, of a collection of nearly 2,000 specimens. This Count Libri was an Italian, who had been for a number of years in France. He had been commissioned to form a general catalogue of manuscripts in the public libraries of France and while os-

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tensibly performing this work, he had been in the habit of abstracting valuable manuscripts, sometimes leaving in their place, to fill the vacancies on the shelves, other manuscripts of little value. Some of the volumes were rebound, while others were more or less altered to hide their origin. In this way he had secured a number of the manuscripts, which he sold to the Earl of Ashburnham, though probably the greater part of them had been honestly come by.

In 1849 the Earl purchased from a Frenchman, named Barrios, a second collection of about 700 manuscripts, for £6,000. Many of Barrios' manuscripts had been stolen from French libraries also. In the same year the Earl purchased the collection of English manuscripts, known as the "Stowe Collection," comprising 996 pieces, paying £8,000 for it. From other sources he purchased about 250 additional manuscripts, at a cost of perhaps another £8,000, and his collection became, probably, the most famous in private hands in all Europe.

In 1880, after the death of the old Earl, his son offered the library, books and manuscripts for sale to the British Museum for the lump sum of £160,000, but they purchased only the Stowe Collection of manuscripts, paying therefor £45,000, being five and one-half times what they had cost thirty years before.

The manuscripts in the Libri and Barrios Collections, which could be positively identified as having been stolen from French libraries, amounting to 166 pieces, were transferred through Trübner, the German bookseller, to the French Government, in 1888, for £24,000. The Italian Government, four years before, had bought the balance of the Libri collection, and it is understood that quite recently Mr. H. Yates Thompson has purchased an important selection of the remaining manuscripts. From these various sales and from the sales of the printed books the owner has probably realized at least the sum asked for the entire collection, £160,000.

Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Boston Public Library, has an interesting article on the Libri Manuscripts in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, under the title of "The Romance of a Famous Library."

The dispersion of the Ashburnham Library leaves in England only two great general collections which can be compared with it, in private hands, providing Lord Spencer's library, purchased *en bloc* by Mrs. Rylands, of Manchester, becomes public property. These two are the Huth Collection and the Britwell Collection.

Mr. Wakefield Christie Miller, the late owner of the Britwell Library, died in February last, and collectors, who knew of the treasures in his library, have been wondering whether they would have a chance to compete at public auction for some of them. His will, however, has recently been published, in which he leaves the library to his two sons jointly and expresses a wish that it be kept intact and added to, from time to time, to be transmitted from generation to generation to members of the family who are likely to maintain and care for it. This collection is said to contain eleven books printed by Caxton.

L. S. Livingston.

THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, June 1, 1898.

The publications during the month past have been up to the average in point of number for this time of year, but the outlook for the immediate future is not so promising, as several of the larger publishers report that owing to the unsettled conditions of trade, they will postpone until autumn the bringing out of a number of books originally intended for Spring publication. The May output of new fiction includes *American Wives and English Husbands*, by Gertrude Atherton; *The General Manager's Story*, by H. E. Hamblen; *The Forest Lovers*, by M. Hewlett, and *The Gray House of the Quarries*, by Mary H. Norris. The two latter books their respective publishers are particularly enthusiastic over and predict for them large sales. In miscellaneous subjects *Northward Over the "Great Ice,"* by Robert E. Peary, in a handsome two-volume edition, profusely illustrated, is by far the most important book of the month and is expected to equal in sale *Farthest North*, by Nansen. *American History Told by Contemporaries*, volume II., 1689-1783, by A. B. Hart; *The Christian Pastor and the Working Church*, by Washington Gladden, and *The World Beautiful*, third series, by Lillian Whiting, are also among this month's list of new works.

The demand for war literature, from the ten-cent pamphlet of navy illustrations up to the expensive editions of scientific works, continues unabated, and every day adds something new to the now innumerable list of publications on the various phases of this subject. The supply in this country of Foreman's *Philippine Islands* was immediately exhausted and Congress had to borrow copies from the public libraries that its members might be informed. The call for Mrs. Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* was so far in advance of the expectations of the publishers that it has been out of print for three weeks. Captain Mahan's works have been largely read, *The Interest of America In Sea Power* perhaps being the most popular of them. *The Spaniard in*

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History, by J. A. Fernald, is a timely little book of interest in connection with this subject.

While, as noted last month, no particular book now has a pronounced lead in point of sale, several of the recent publications are selling very readily, notably *The Pride of Jennico, Penelope's Progress, Caleb West—Master Diver, The Girl at Cobhurst* and *The Standard Bearer.*

Outside of war books and fiction sales are comparatively light, very few titles selling to any noticeable extent. The customary orders for seasonable books on outdoor subjects, such as birds, flowers, guide books, etc., and paper bound books are received, but they are less numerous than those of previous years and there are not so many new meritorious publications of this class as formerly.

The general condition of trade is unsatisfactory, for while returning salesmen from the Pacific coast report a fair business, those in the nearby States are meeting with a general inclination to postpone the placing of stock orders awaiting a more settled state of business affairs.

The following list gives in the order of their demand the popular books for the month past:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

The Honorable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

Cuba in War Times. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.25.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.25.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth W. Latimer. $2.50.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1898.

Business continues to be quiet, and the outlook does not disclose much ground for anticipating anything in the way of activity until the autumn. Considering the war, however, and the present state of business, there is a distinctly good feeling among the trade, and as soon as the end of the present trouble is in sight business may be expected to revive rapidly.

The call for war books was again the most prominent feature in the demand last month. From the number of books sold on military tactics it would appear that nearly every one is learning the army drills. In fact, so far as mere number is concerned the *Infantry Drill Regulations* is outselling everything else, and is by the same test fairly entitled to the distinction of being called the most popular book of the hour.

The annual May display of the various lines of twelvemos and sixteenmos, which are being prepared for fall trade, took place here last month. There are several novelties in these lines, but nothing especially striking, most of the different series being conventional in design and manufacture. As a whole, however, this class of books will show much improvement, and there is every reason to believe that they will be as popular as ever during the coming season.

Northward Over the "Great Ice," by Lieut. R. C. Peary, was received late last month, and indications point to its having a good sale during the summer.

Commercially speaking the books issued this spring, while as great in number, have not attained the level of those published during the corresponding period last year. Nothing issued in fiction this year has had, at least in the West, the astonishing sales that *The Choir Invisible* and *Soldiers of Fortune* met with last spring. Nor have we had in any other class a work so successful as *Farthest North.*

Mrs. Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* had an exceptionally large sale for a book of this class last month, and is at present meeting with a greater demand than any other work on Spanish history.

May was a very quiet month in publishing circles, very few books reaching the trade for which anything beyond a moderate sale can be expected. The tendency is now to hold back books until the war is over, but notwithstanding some very promising books will leave the presses this month, notably *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Kronstadt*, by Max Pemberton, and *The King's Jackal*, by Richard Harding Davis.

Penelope's Progress, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith, were very successful in point of sale. *The Girl at Cobhurst*, by F. R. Stockton, also made a good record. Most of the older favorites, however, show a falling off.

Several books on Gladstone are already announced for early publication. It is more than probable that the expectations of publishers will be realised, for lives of Gladstone have always sold well and the recent volume, by Justin McCarthy, although somewhat expensive, was remarkably successful in the West.

Sales of Klondike literature, which were so lively a few months ago, are now at a low ebb. The war has completely robbed that region of all its interest.

Appended below is the customary list of the best selling books of the month, and the position of the leading work indicates very clearly the subject that is chiefly interesting readers at present:

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

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Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00.
Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.
Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.
With Fire and Sword. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00.
The Gadfly. By L. Voynich. $1.25.
An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
Folks from Dixie. By Paul L. Dunbar. $1.25.
The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.
The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 25 to May 20, 1898.

Owing probably in some measure to the unsettled condition of the elements, there has been a fair trade during the past month, bearing in mind that this statement is qualified by remembering that the comparison is always founded upon the amount of business usually transacted during the season under notice. But in any case those connected with the wholesale bookselling trade can always find plenty to do. Trade with the colonies and foreign countries continues steady, and there is always room for improvement.

The decease of Mr. Gladstone has awakened a renewed interest in the writings and works dealing with the life of the great statesman. On the day of his death, indeed a few hours only after the sad event, Messrs. Ward & Locke delivered an octavo Life of Mr. Gladstone, containing an account of his last hours and passing away. Such speed in production is without parallel in the history of publishing.

Works upon Cuba and other countries connected with the war are in considerable demand, as also are maps of the scene of the fighting, or rather where it is expected to take place.

The six-shilling novel still pursues its merry career, and the works of this class now being published have in some instances a longer existence than was the case a short time since. Several of those named in the list below have been before the public for a considerable time. There may after all be some "literature" among them. The leading novel at the time of writing is *The King with Two Faces*, by M. E. Coleridge, followed by *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, and *American Wives*, by Gertrude Atherton. There has been a supplementary school season, marked by large sales of Meiklejohn's school books, notably the history and geography. These still hold a leading place. Very little attention continues to be paid to theological literature. The public takes its instruction in this department in another form. *John Halifax*, of which several editions have lately appeared, is as great a favourite as ever.

The enormous output of illustrated sixpenny magazines continues, each new comer endeavouring to surpass its rivals. What eventually becomes of the hundreds of tons of this class of literature is a wonder.

The naval and military spirit in the public is still very noticeable. Several publications on the navy have met with a good reception, and there is still considerable enquiry for works dealing with the Frontier War in India.

Appended is a list of the principal works in demand at the time of writing. Although this report is made up only to May 20, the day following Mr. Gladstone's death, there is already what may be called a boom in Gladstone literature.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
American Wives, etc. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)
The Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. 6s. (Bentley.)
The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Convict 99. By M. and R. Leighton. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
R. N. Carey's 3s. 6d. Novels. (Bentley.)
The Induna's Wife. By B. Mitford. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. (Dent.)
Poems. By W. E. Henley. 6s. net. (Nutt.)
Paris. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 2s. and 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Meiklejohn's School Series. (Holden.)
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. Lives and Works.
Christian Profiles. By J. Parker. 3s. 6d. (Hurst.)
Sermons on Texts. Vol I. By J. Parker 3s. 6d. (Marshall & Son.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1898, and June 1, 1898.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Vanity Fair. By Thackeray. $1.50. (Harper Bros.)
2. Pendennis. By Thackeray. $1.50. (Harper Bros.)
3. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Marching with Gomez. By G. Flint. $1 50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50. (J. Lippincott Co.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. War Stories. By Gen. Miles and others. 25 cts. (Doubleday & McClure.)
5. Incidental Bishop. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Appleton's.)
6. Peacemakers. By Winter. $1.25. (Lippincott.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. M'lle De Berney. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Son of the Czar. By Graham. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 cts. (Advance Publishing Co.)
5. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Lane.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. The Valley Path. By Droingoole. $1.25. (E. & L.)
4. School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes & Co.)
5. Miss Balmain's Past. By Croker. 50 cts. (Lippincott.)
6. Lost Man's Lane. By A. K. Green. 50 cts. (Putnam's.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Bird Neighbors. By Blanchan. $2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Auld Lang Syne. By Max Muller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
5. Emerson and Other Essays. By Chapman. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Londoners. By Robert Hichens. $1.50. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
5. General Manager's Story. By Herbert E. Hamblen. $1.50. (Macmillan Co.)
6. Gray House of the Quarries. By Mary Harriott Norris. $1.50 (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Fighting with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the 19th Century. By Mrs. Latimer. $2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. 2 vols. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00. (The Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Infantry Drill Regulations of the U. S. Army. Paper, 30 to 50 cts.; leather, 75 cts. to $1.00. (D. Appleton & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Head of the Family. By Alphonse Daudet. $1.50. (Putnam's.)

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5. Auld Lang Syne. By Max Muller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00. (The Century Co.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan: A Fellah. By Henry Gillman. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
5. The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
6. How to Play Golf. By H. J. Whigham. $1.50. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Jno. Lane.)
3. Girl of Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's Sons.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
4. War of Worlds. By Wells. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Awakening of a Nation. By Lummis. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. Dreamers of the Ghetto. By Zangwill. $1.50. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50., (Stokes.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Jno. Lane.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Bird Neighbours. By Blauchan. $2.00. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Continental Dragoon. By Stephens. $1.25. (Page.)
6. Spain in 19th Century. By Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Oregon Boyhood. By Banks. $1.25. (Lee & Shepard.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. P. Stockton. $1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By S. W. Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Short History of Spain. By Mary E. Pratt. 10 cts. (W. B. Harrison.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50. (D. Appleton Co.)
2. Paris. By E. Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan Co.)

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3. Simon Dale. By A. Hope. $1.50. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
4. Spain in the 19th Century. By E. W. Latimer. $2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
5. Interest of America in Sea Power. By Capt. Mahan. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Infantry Drill Regulations of the U. S. Army. 50 cts. (D. Appleton Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)
4. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's Sons.)
4. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Stanley Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Rubáiyát. By Fitzgerald. Paper, 25 cts. (Doxey.)
4. Paris. By Zola. 2 vols. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longman's.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
2. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
4. The Birthright. By Joseph Hocking. Paper, 50 cts. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
5. †The Final War. By Louis Tracy. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)
6. Story of Gladstone's Life. By McCarthy. Cloth, $2.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. †Standard Bearer. By Crockett. 75c. and $1.25. (Wm. Briggs.)
2. *Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath. By Allen. 75 cts. and $1.25. (G. N. Morang.)
3. *Celebrity. By Churchill. 50 cts. and $1.00. (G. N. Morang.)
4. *With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.25. (G. N. Morang.)
5. †The Final War. 75 cts. and $1.25. (G. Bell & Son.)
6. †Corleone. By Crawford. 75 cts. and $1.25. (McMillan.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. In Old Narragansett. By Alice Morse Earle. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Head of the Family. By Daudet. $1.50. (Putnam's.)
5. Ars et Vita. By Sullivan. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Hassan: A Fellah. By Gillman. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin.
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
5. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett.
6. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia.

The Attractive Christ and Other Sermons, by Robert Stuart MacArthur.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

The Story of Photography, by Alfred T. Story.

A Trooper of the Empress, by Clinton Ross.

Outlines of the Earth's History, by Nathaniel S. Shaler.

Torn Sails, by Allen Raine.

Mater-Familias, by Ada Cambridge.

Political Crime, by L. Proal.

*Canadian edition.
†Colonial edition.

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RICHARD G. BADGER & Co., Boston.

Poems by Philip Becker Goetz.

A. S. BARNES & Co., New York.

A Cape Cod Week, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.
A Christmas Accident and Other Stories, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.
Rod's Salvation, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.

W. W. BATEMAN, Toledo, Ohio.

"Montezuma" and Other Poems, by C. T. Bateman.

BRENTANO'S, New York.

The Red Lily, by Anatole France, translated from the French.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto.

The Making of the Canadian West, by R. G. MacBeth, M. A.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York.

The Century Atlas of the World.
The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Vol. LV.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co., Boston.

Congressional Committees, by Lauros G. McConachie, Ph.D.
The Poems of Shakespeare, edited by George Wyndham.
The Evolution of a College Student, by William DeWitt Hyde.
The Glory of the Imperfect, by George H. Palmer.

DONOHUE, HENNEBERRY & Co., Chicago.

It Was Marlowe, A Story of the Secret of Three Centuries, by Wilbur Gleason Ziegler.

DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., New York.

Tales from McClure's, War, Being True Stories of Camp and Battlefield, by Nelson A. Miles and others.

WILLIAM DOXEY, San Francisco.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, translated into English Verse, by Edward Fitzgerald.

DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

Shantytown Sketches, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.
The Revenge of Lucas Helm, by Auguste Blondel.
Word for Word and Letter for Letter, by A. J. Drexel Biddle.
A Duel with Destiny, and Other Stories, by Edith Townsend Everett.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

Navy Blue, by Willis Boyd Allen.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York.

The Spaniard in History, by James C. Fernald.

EATON & MAINS, New York.

Christian Science and Its Problems, by J. H. Bates, Ph.M.

Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture and Vocal Expression, by S. S. Hamill.

H. D. EVERETT, Boston.

Morrow-Songs, 1880-1898, by Harry Lyman Koopman.

GINN & Co., Boston.

Cæsar's Gallic War, Allen and Grenough's edition.

HARPER & BROS., New York.

The History of Pendennis, by W. M. Thackeray, with illustrations by the author.
Milton's Paradise Lost, by John Milton, with an introduction and notes on its structure and meaning, by John A. Himes.
Thirty Strange Stories, by H. G. Wells.

FRANCIS P. HARPER, New York.

Facts About Bookworms, by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.
Journal of Jacob Fowler, Arkansas, Colorado, etc., 1821-2, edited by Elliott Coues.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston.

The Essentials of Argumentation, by Elias J. MacEwan, M. A.

B. HERDER, St. Louis.

From the Land of St. Laurence, by Maurice Francis Egan.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

Her Ladyship's Elephant, by David Dwight Wells.
The Federalist, by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay, edited by Paul Leicester Ford.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, New York.

The Panacea for Poverty, by Madison C. Peters.
Berth-Deck Ballads, "Old Glory" and Other Poems, by William S. Bate.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., New York.

The Gray House of the Quarries, by Mary Harriott Norris.

JOHN LANE, New York.

The Child Who Will Never Grow Old, by K. Douglas King.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., New York.

The Duenna of a Genius, by M. E. Francis.
With Fire and Sword, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING Co., Boston.

The Deserter and Other Stories, by Harold Frederic.
Cian of the Chariots, by William H. Babcock.
Labor of Love, by Julia Magruder.
A Little New England Maid, by Kate Tannatt Woods.
An Island Heroine, by Mary B. Sleight.
The Prince of Peace, by Pansy.

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The True Story of Benjamin Franklin, by Elbridge S. Brooks.
Child Stories and Rhymes, by Emilie Poulsson.
As in a Mirror, by Pansy.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York.

The General Manager's Story, by Herbert E. Hamblen.
The Forest Lovers, by Maurice Hewlett.
The Young Queen of Hearts, a story of the Princess Elizabeth and Henry, Prince of Wales, by Mrs. Marshall.
The Concert Director, by Nellie K. Blissett.
Greek Tragedy in the Light of Vase Paintings, by John H. Huddilston.
At You All's House, by James Baskett.

M. F. MANSFIELD, New York.

The Red, White and Blue.
Voces Academicæ, by C. Grant Robertson, M. A.

PERRY MASON & CO., Boston.

Arthur Henry Hallam, by William Ewart Gladstone.

MEYERS BROS & CO., New York.

Love in Friendship, Preface in Fragments from Stendhal, translated by Henri Pène Du Bois.

JOHN P. MORTON & CO., Louisville, Ky.

Idyllic Monologues, Poems, by Madison Cawein.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, New York.

A Wounded Name, by Captain Charles King, U. S. A.
The Soul of a Woman, by Dolores Marbourg.
An Unusual Husband, by Chando Fulton.
A Runaway Couple, by Oliver Lowrey.
Under Pike's Peak, by Charles L. McKesson.
The Stone Giant, by C. C. Dail.
Anita, The Cuban Spy, by Gilson Willets.
His Pretty Cousin, by Katharine Schuyler Baxter.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston.

Paul Kruger and His Times, by F. Reginald Statham.
In Kings' Houses, by Julia C. H. Dorr.
Bobbie McDuff, by Clinton Ross.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., Buffalo.

Before the Dawn, by Joseph Leiser.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

The Cross in Tradition, History and Art, by the Rev. William Wood Seymour.
Bird Studies, by William E. D. Scott.
Coffee and Indiarubber Culture in Mexico, by Matias Romero.
The Encyclopædia of Sport, parts xiv. and xv.

RAND, MCNALLY & CO., Chicago.

The Waters of Caney Fork, by Opie Read.
A Woman Worth Winning, by George Manville Fenn.

THE RUDDER PUBLISHING CO., New York.

Songs of Sea and Sail, by Thomas Fleming Day.

R. H. RUSSELL, New York.

Cuba at a Glance, by Emma Kaufman and Anne O'Hagan.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

Adventures in Criticism, by Quiller-Couch.
The Blue Pavilions, by Quiller-Couch.
I Saw Three Ships, by Quiller-Couch.
The Splendid Spur, by Quiller-Couch.
Thoughts and Crosses, by Quiller-Couch.
The Delectable Duchy, by Quiller-Couch.
Dead Man's Rock, by Quiller-Couch.
Wandering Heath, by Quiller-Couch.
Troy Town, by Quiller-Couch.
Stories by Foreign Authors—German, I.
Seven Months a Prisoner, by J. V. Hadley.
Pastime Stories, by Thomas Nelson Page.
Stories by Foreign Authors, French, III.
The Christian Pastor, by Washington Gladden, D. D.
The Temple Edition of the Waverley Novels, Ivanhoe. 2 vols.
Thomas Carlyle, in 8 vols., Vol. VI.
Princeton Old and New, Recollections of Undergraduate Life, by James W. Alexander, A. M.
How to Name the Birds, by H. E. Parkhurst.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston.

In This Our World, by Charlotte Perkins Stetson.
Selections from The Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman, edited with an Introduction by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D.

F. A. STOKES CO., New York.

The Great Polar Current, by Henry Mellen Prentiss.
Javan Ben Seir, by Walker Kennedy.
Northward Over the "Great Ice," by Robert E. Peary, 2 vols.

H. S. STONE & CO., Chicago.

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